The CAP and GOWN

1915


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GLORIOUS PAGE OF ENGLAND'S HISTORY WRITTEN BY TRACY

Well-Known Author Tells of Splendid Achievements of Nation on Anniversary of Her Entrance Into Great Struggle.

British Fight on Seventeen Fronts During Four Years. Vital Part Borne by Fleet Related.

The following account of Great Britain's participation in the war was written by Louis Tracy, a member of the British War Mission, to commemorate the Fourth Anniversary of our Ally's entrance into the war. Mr. Tracy is widely known throughout the United States as a novelist, being the author of "The Wings of the Morning" and some forty other novels.

At the outbreak of the war Mr. Tracy laid down the pen of fiction and has since given his entire services to his country. During 1914 and 1915 he raised, drilled and equipped, largely at his own expense, a battalion of volunteers at Whitby, on the Yorkshire coast, and was unceasing in his endeavors to cause his fellow countrymen to realise the gravity and dangers of the struggle.

In 1916 Mr. Tracy came to America, and by the written and spoken word has shown the Allies' case to the people of this country. In 1917 he joined Viscount Northcliffe on the British War Mission, and is now working in conjunction with Mr. Geoffrey Butler, C. B. E., on the Information Bureau of the Mission. Mr. Tracy was appointed an officer of the Order of the British Empire on June 8 of this year.

By LOUIS TRACY.

NEW YORK, Aug. 3.—Tomorrow, Aug. 4, a stricken world will have endured four years of war and enter on a fifth. How many more years will the human race be called on to suffer this agony? God only knows. But if it be not impious for a mortal man to dare interpret the decrees of the Almighty I do now most solemnly say that, although this carnival of woe may be permitted by Providence to scourge us for months or years yet to come, it cannot cease till Germany is beaten to her knees. And why do I dare in the same breath proclaim that the issue rests in the hands of the Lord of Hosts and yet that I am convinced in my very soul that the only outcome can be Germany's defeat? This is my answer: If I believed otherwise I would cease to be a Christian. If I admitted the possibility of a Prussian victory I would never again believe that He who gave us the Sermon on the Mount died on the Cross of Calvary for man's redemption. I would know, perforce, and go sorrowful to my grave with the knowledge that might is more potent than right, that the ethics which brought France, Britain, Italy, America and even



KING GEORGE V.

poor, torn Russia into the conflict, the principle which led Belgium to risk and lose all, the sheer sense of justice which has ranged twenty other nations on our side, were nothing more nor less than foolish, even grotesque blunders. Yet I laugh to scorn the notion that I shall ever accept any such theory; no—not till Milton's reincarnated self declares him a disciple of Lucifer, not till Shakespeare rises from his grave and scoffs at the beautiful England he loved so well, not till Lincoln's Gettysburg speech is proved a sham and a fraud. Some miracles do happen, but not such miracles as these. I have lost everything I valued in the world. I walk hand in hand with tribulation, but there is a great joy in my heart that comes to my aid even in those dreadful watches of the night when memories of the dead drive almost to frenzy those who loved them and still live, because I know, yes, I know, that my country is fighting for the right—and not my own dear land alone, but her kith and kin in every clime where the English tongue is the speech of the people. We have dared all; we shall gain all.

Britain Has Done Much.

So, if you have read into this preface the meaning I have striven to convey, you will understand that in the remainder of this brief essay I shall tell of the glory and the immensity of Britain's achievements in this war, not to flaunt her deeds in the eyes of the world, but as an earnest assertion of the self-same sacrifices and ideals that shall flow from this great nation of the west in an ever-increasing and irresistible stream. That is my purpose, and I want to declare it now. Britain has done much, and, though weary and blood-stained, will do more, but the measure of her heroic effort can surely be applied to the determination of the splendid country in which I write these lines. Why, to mix with you Americans on the days when the news seems bad, when some disaster at sea or some reverse on land chills the blood and adds a fresh burden to an ever-laden heart, is the best of all tonics for an Englishman. I have gone out to address audiences of an evening when my soul was heavy within me, when each mouthful of food in a well-appointed club or hotel had almost choked me by contrast with the privations better men than I were enduring with steadfastness. But the first sight of an American audience, the first ringing cheers evoked not by my oratory, but my theme, brought a healing and a strengthening altogether divine in their efficacy, for here, indeed, in the truest sense of the phrase, the voice of the people became the voice of God.

You see how I wander from my subject. How can I help it. To tell of Britain's part in the war I must deal in dry figures, and my pen runs off of its own accord into a paean of thankfulness that America is with us in this struggle until by the paths of valor and death we shall have won a complete and lasting victory over our common enemy. Still, this is a sad if glorious anniversary, and it is in the very nature of things that on such an occasion we should count gains and losses, strike a balance sheet, so to speak, try not to humbug ourselves with fictitious figures, judge by accountant statistics and not allow the wish to be father to the thought.

Heavy Casualty List.

Well, the ledger has many items. Let us begin with the worst, the irremediable, the tax levied by death. It is a sad thing. The British casualties in officers and men are as follows:

August, 1914, to the end of 1915	550,000
In the year 1916	650,000
In the year 1917	800,000
In six months of the present year (estimated)	500,000
Total	2,500,000

Of these at least one-fifth must be counted among the dead. So half a million gallant men of the British Empire are lying in their graves all over the world or hidden forever in the terrible and mysterious depths of the sea, while more than another half million are so maimed and broken that they can never again be counted as useful citizens of a world wherein a man must work if he would eat and therefore live. New York and many other great cities in the United States loves a procession, and it is a startling fact to note that if the dead and wholly war-shattered youth of the British Empire could march down Fifth avenue in platoons of twenty men in a rank the pallid host could not pass from Central Park to Washington Square in ten long summer days. America is proud, and very properly proud, of the great army she has poured into France. It is a million in round numbers. But Britain has already lost a million in dead and grievously wounded, while two and a half millions have been smitten by the pestilence called



ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY

Germany. I have not exaggerated these figures. They are official. We know some of the details with a mournful exactitude. During one month in France in 1917 we had 25,000 men killed. In the first twelve months of the war we had 6,000 officers and 95,000 men killed. During the month of April this year, as the result of the great battles which began on March 21, 1918, we had over 10,000 casualties among officers alone. Of course, we have killed and wounded many Germans. But what does that matter? What does it matter how many of the brutes are killed. It is our duty, a duty put on us by the laws we live under, obey and swear by, to keep on killing them till they cease to plague mankind. I have no concern for Germans. You Americans have a frontier proverb: "A good Injun is a dead injun." Until Germany casts out the devil of Kaiserism and goes back a hundred years to the race which produced some decent and useful members of the body corporate I shall believe most firmly that the best German is a dead German. What does grieve me most profoundly is the knowledge that Britain—and every word I have written would be stultified if you did not realize that I am proud of my own folk—has lost the flower of her manhood, just as you, my honored friends in America, will lose a stock hard to replace if the millions of your magnificent youth in France, and the other millions you will put in the field until there are enough dead Germans, are fated to show a casualty list comparable with that of Britain. But do not misunderstand me. My faith in the destiny of our joint races is supreme. Are not our dead the best warranty of the past and the brightest hope of the future? They are our very own, flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. They are at once our tribute and our inspiration.

Must be Worthy of Sacrifice.

We who gave this holocaust must be worthy of it. We who are left must be more resolute, more knightly, more grandly indifferent to loss or suffering, than those who has gone. How can it be otherwise? The cross they bore, the sacrifice they made, is all the lighter for us because of their example. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church of Christ. The blood of our dead is the seed of a race which shall transcend in power and greatness the wildest dream ever dreamed by enthusiastic Pan-German. It must be so. It is a deduction based on the soundest theory of life, the very essence of all that science has taught us either of men or of the lower animals. But I cannot blind my eye to the immediate gaps in our ranks. Our universities are empty. Oxford and Cambridge gave 8,000 of their undergraduates to the army in the first year of the war, and, be it remembered, no matter what view may be held as to the value of a university education, these young men were the future rulers of the British Empire, its Prime Minister, its Secretaries of State, its Judges, its Governors of far-off lands, its Parliamentarians, Lawyers, Professors, Scientists, its undoubted leaders in every branch of human thought and endeavor. That is part of the price asked of us for choosing to support right against might, and it is a heavy impost in itself. Again, we have lost nearly every officer and man of that small but superbly efficient army which we threw into France early in August, 1914. Oddly enough, that army, a paid one, never thought of its own interests in the great game of life and death to which it was committed. Sir Walter Raleigh, professor of English literature at Oxford University, has put this phase of Britain's entry into the war so clearly that I must quote him:

"We have sometimes fought in the past for doubtful causes and for wrong causes, but this time there is no mistake. Our cause is better than we deserve; we embraced it by an act of faith, and it is



DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

only by continuing in that faith that we shall see it through. The little old army, when they went to France in August, 1914, did not ask what profits were likely to come their way. They knew that there were none, but they were willing to sacrifice themselves to save decency and humanity from being trampled in the mud. This was the army that the Germans called a mercenary army and its epitaph has been written by a good poet:

"These, in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling,
And took their wages, and are dead.
Their shoulders held the heavens suspended,
They stood, and earth's foundations stay,
What God abandoned these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay.'

"We must follow their example, for we shall never get a better."

Fight on Seventeen Fronts.

And now I have done with the debit side of the ledger, for I count as dross the stupendous figures which finance puts forward. At any rate, what good purpose will it serve if a layman tries to state in dollars or pounds sterling the phenomenal cost of this war? Millions, billions, the mind reels at the sum. One counts no longer as a banker even, but rather as an astronomer. I suppose the bills will be paid somehow. Evidently much wisdom and even more forbearance will be needed before the cost of this war is levied with reason and justice. Most certainly it is a problem I cannot tackle today.

It has been estimated that Britain has fought on seventeen fronts during the past four years. One can readily enumerate most of them, for her troops have been to the fore in Belgium, France, Italy, Serbia, Greece, Russia, Palestine, Mesopotamia, China and North, East and West Africa, to name only the main theaters of the war. She and her colonies have raised 7,500,000 soldiers, and of this total England's (not Great Britain's) proportion is 60 per cent. In this regard I must remove a misapprehension, or, to be candid, nail down a Hun lie, which has found credence in some quarters. I shall not labor the point. It should suffice if I state with absolute authority that one man in every seven and a half of the population of England is in the army. The same ratio holds good of Scotland. Wales has contributed one man in every ten and a fifth, Ireland one man in every twenty-six and a third, and the overseas dominions one man in every fifteen. These are the cold, hard facts as to man power in the army, while the following table tells its own story and refutes another Hun lie:



GENERAL HAIG

Relative proportions of men in British forces and of casualties suffered by each part of the British Empire, exclusive of India, Africa, etc., to November, 1917:

	% of armed forces.	% of casualties
England and Wales	70	76
Scotland	8	10
Ireland	6	6
Dominions and colonies	16	8

I do not apologize for reverting to the casualty list. It is essential that these statistics should be made known. It is difficult in a short article to convey any fair picture of Britain's work in other fields. In heavy guns alone she manufactured during the third year of the war twenty-seven times as many as in the first year, and two hundred and twenty times as much ammunition. The expenditure of rifle ammunition per week is now sixty-five times greater than the average weekly expenditure during the first ten months of the war. The output of machine guns has been increased thirty-nine times. Two thousand miles of railway track, one thousand locomotives and many tens of thousands of wagons have been shipped abroad. The Ministry of Munitions handles 50,000,000 articles per week, and sends abroad 60,000 consignments per week. In addition to over 90 national arsenals, Great Britain has now 5,046 government-controlled factories, all working day and night on munitions and supplies. In October, 1917, about 2,000,000 men and about 700,000 women were engaged in munition work proper. In July, 1917, the number of women employed in government work of all kinds stood at 1,965,000. According to the Board of Trade "Labor Gazette" of November 16, 1917, the number had risen to 1,302,000 before the latter date. Women do 60 to 70 per cent of all the machine work on shells, fuses and trench warfare supplies, and have contributed 1,450 trained mechanics to the Royal Flying Corps. In one way or another about 5,000,000 British women are working for their country in her need, many of whom never worked in their lives before.

Work of British Navy.

Turning to the fleet, what shall I say, what can I say that will be at all adequate to the theme, of the work done by the British navy? It would be almost ludicrous, in a review of Britain's share in the war, to dismiss in a sentence the absolutely vital part borne by the fleet did I not feel assured that every intelligent man and woman in the United States knows as well, if not better than I, that the civilized world owes its existence today to the unparalleled services rendered by the navy. Britain's ships have kept open the ocean highways and penned the Hun in his few protected harbors. The navy has tripled its personnel and doubled its fighting armament. It has transported over the face of the waters thirteen millions of men, two millions of horses and mules, half a million vehicles, twenty-five million tons of explosives, fifty-one million tons of oil and fuel and a hundred and thirty million tons of food and other stores. Need I say more? Of course, with the British fleet I include the officers and men of the mercantile marine. To them in particular my heart goes out, for my home in England is in a little seaport town which breeds more skippers, mates, deck hands and firemen than any other town in the world of its size.

And, alas! How can I deal with the aid given to the Motherland by Canada, Australia, India and South Africa? The requisite tribute, were it to be rendered adequately, would need a volume. I can only plead my opinion that my American readers may be more interested today in a Briton's exposition of the emotional influences which have swayed his fellow-countrymen during the past four years than in a precise historical sketch which would embrace the development of the Royal Air Force or the Hospital Service, or the Army of Women actually employed in France. For instance, I would like to tell of the growth of discipline among the civilian population at home, the discipline which the island's civilians have imposed upon themselves as well as the discipline which has been imposed upon them from headquarters. It is a discipline not of the kind which, as in Germany, imposes the will of the rich upon the poor. It is a form of discipline which is so applied as to bear alike upon all—on those who seek to make profit out of the war, and on those who merely would shirk their proper share of the burden. So, incidentally, even on that head, there has been progress toward a new humanity and the adjusting of the position between the upper classes and labor.

No review of our four years' fight can omit a brief reference to that ill-omened word Kultur. According to the Hun, the whole quarrel hinges on the refusal of the democracies of the world to accept Kultur. Very well. What is Kultur? What are the blessings it offers to all men and all women, since it claims that immense prerogative, and nothing less? Professor von Seyden, in the "Frankfurter Zeitung" during the first fine frenzy of the war, said:

"The Germans are the elect people of the earth. They will accomplish their destiny, which is to rule the world and to guide all other nations for their common happiness."

Well, let us see what all this thunder means. I have here a table of the worst forms of crime committed in Germany and England during the ten years 1897-1907:

	Germany.	England
Murder	350	97
Incest	573	56
Rapes	9,381	214
Unnatural crimes	841	290
Malicious and felonious wounding	172,153	1,262
Malicious damage to property	25,759	358
Arson	610	278
Total	209,667	2,557

People of America, you fathers and mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts of the men you have sent to France, I ask you to study that table. Kultur should be known by its results, and, if benighted England can show such a case against enlightened Germany, is it not worth four years, or, if need be, forty years of war to keep your country and ours clear of the virus of Kultur? The answer is being given today wherever the Hun stands up against our soldiers. It is being dinned into his ears by high explosives and driven into his carcass by keen bayonets. When he heeds we will quit, and not until he does heed—on his knees.

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Commencement Day Programme

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ALL SAINTS CHAPEL

I

Opening Service

II

Latin Salutatory
EDWARD BLEDSOE HARRIS, of the District of Columbia

III

University Oration
Hon. ROBERT C. ALSTON, of Atlanta, Georgia

IV

Award of Medals and Prizes

V

Conferring of Degrees by the Vice-Chancellor

VI

Conferring of Honorary Degrees by the Chancellor

VII

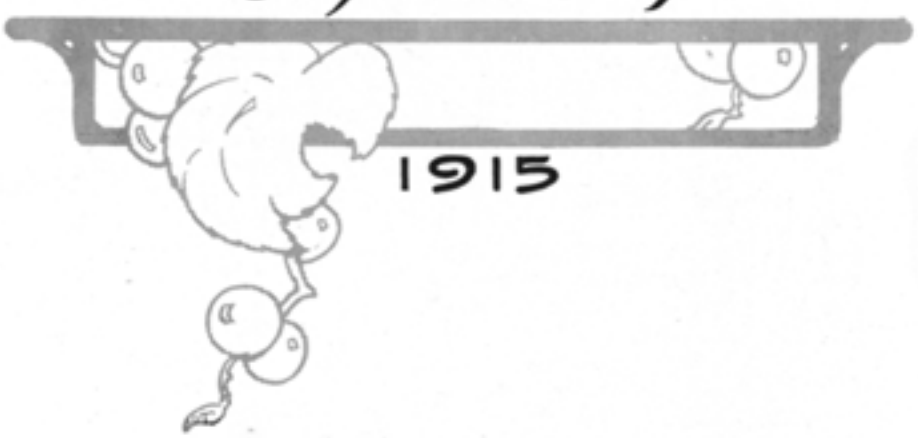
Valedictory Oration
GEORGE MALCOLM FOOSHEE, of Tennessee

VIII

Closing Service

BENSON
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COMPANY
NASHVILLE

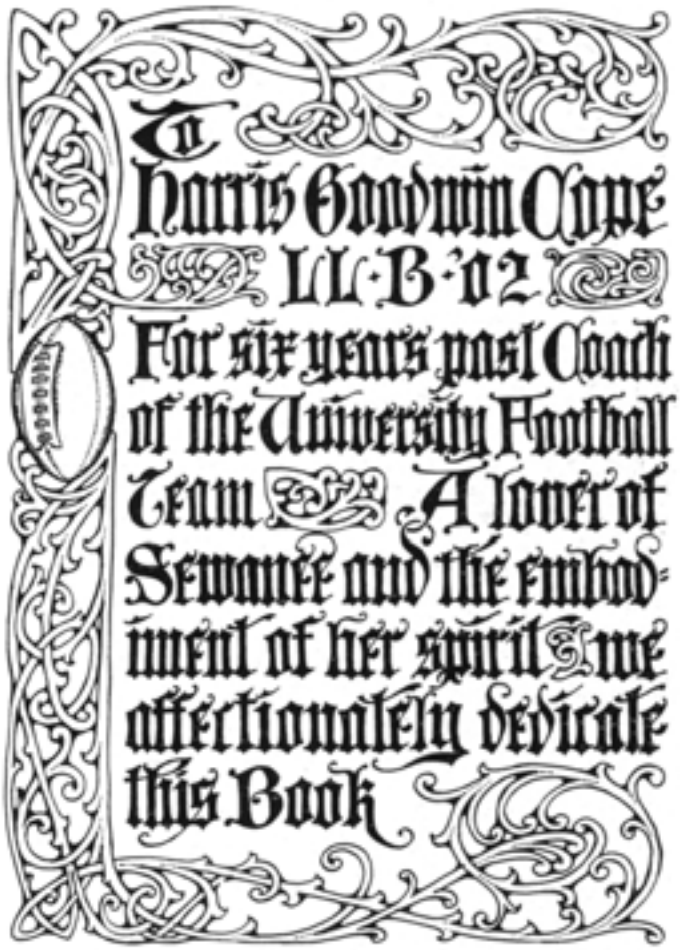
The Cap and Gown



1915


Cap & Gown
For 1915
Published by the
Fraternities at the
University of the South
Sewanee Tennessee




To
Harris Goodwin Cope
LL·B·02
For six years past Coach
of the University Football
Team A lover of
Sewanee and the embod-
iment of her spirit We
affectionately dedicate
this Book

Gailor's Apostrophe

O SEWANEE! How beautiful art Thou in Thy High Places! A Beacon upon the top of a Mountain, and an Ensign on an Hill! Sacred art Thou to us among the habitations of men, because of the noble spirits who have peopled Thy solitudes, and who have taught, by the sanctity of their lives and the richness of their learning, the excellency of the manhood that lives in touch with God! Sweet and gracious are the memories that haunt and hallow for us Thy waving forests and mountain views, and every acre of Thy wide domain! For simple tastes, and gentle manners, and unselfish service, during these five and forty years—with rare, proud courage, Thou hast made and lived Thy claim! O Sewanee! The child of so many labours; of so many hopes; of so many sacrifices; of so great faith! who can doubt for a moment that God—the God of the spirits of the flesh—hath chosen Thee for an Instrument and Interpreter of His Will, and that, in serving Thee, we are proving our fellowship with God! (*Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, Bishop of Tennessee and Chancellor of the University of the South.*)


GREETINGS
To those, here or
elsewhere
To those for whom
we care or who care
for us To those who
are interested in the
things for which we
stand or who stand for
the things in which we
are interested To all
those to whom Sewanee
is either Dream or a
Realization



Foreword



AT no time in the past has it been more fitting for Sewanee to have an annual than at the present time. This year marks a new era in Sewanee's development, a turning point in her history. A new administration has taken hold; a new enthusiasm is inspiring her; a new desire to build Sewanee into the institution that all would have her be is everywhere evident. Nothing old remains save the old ideals and traditions, the old unselfish devotion to her welfare, the old glories and beauties of her fine situation.

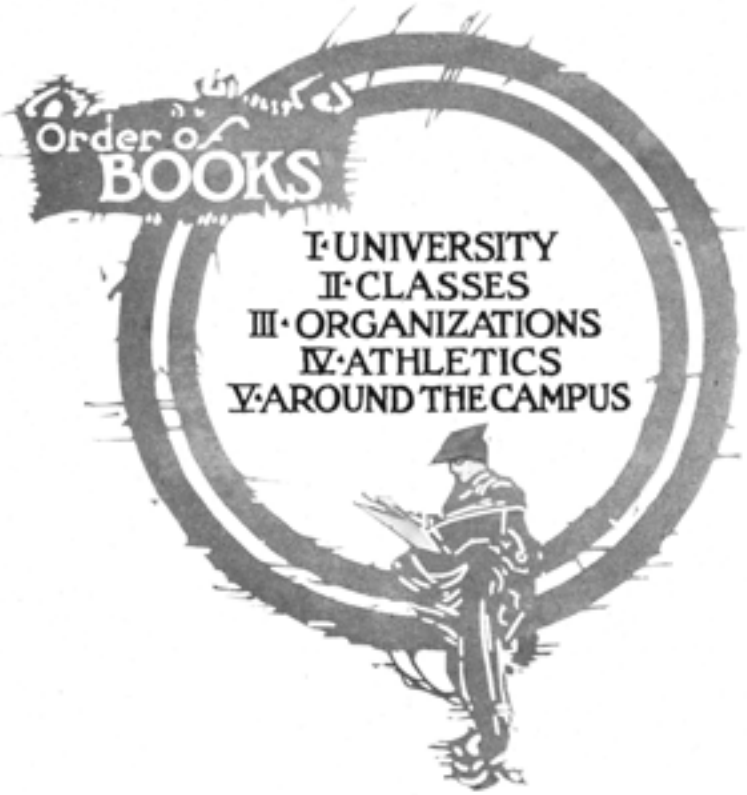
The hopes of years gone by have been partially realized in the nearly completed quadrangle. The library and the chapel have never had a firmer hold on the student body than today. The students still come from every point of the compass, and yet the Sewanee type remains. Other colleges may have built up larger endowments, more magnificent buildings, and a larger student body, but no college has been more faithful in its task of turning out well-rounded men who right well have served their God, their country, and their fellowman.

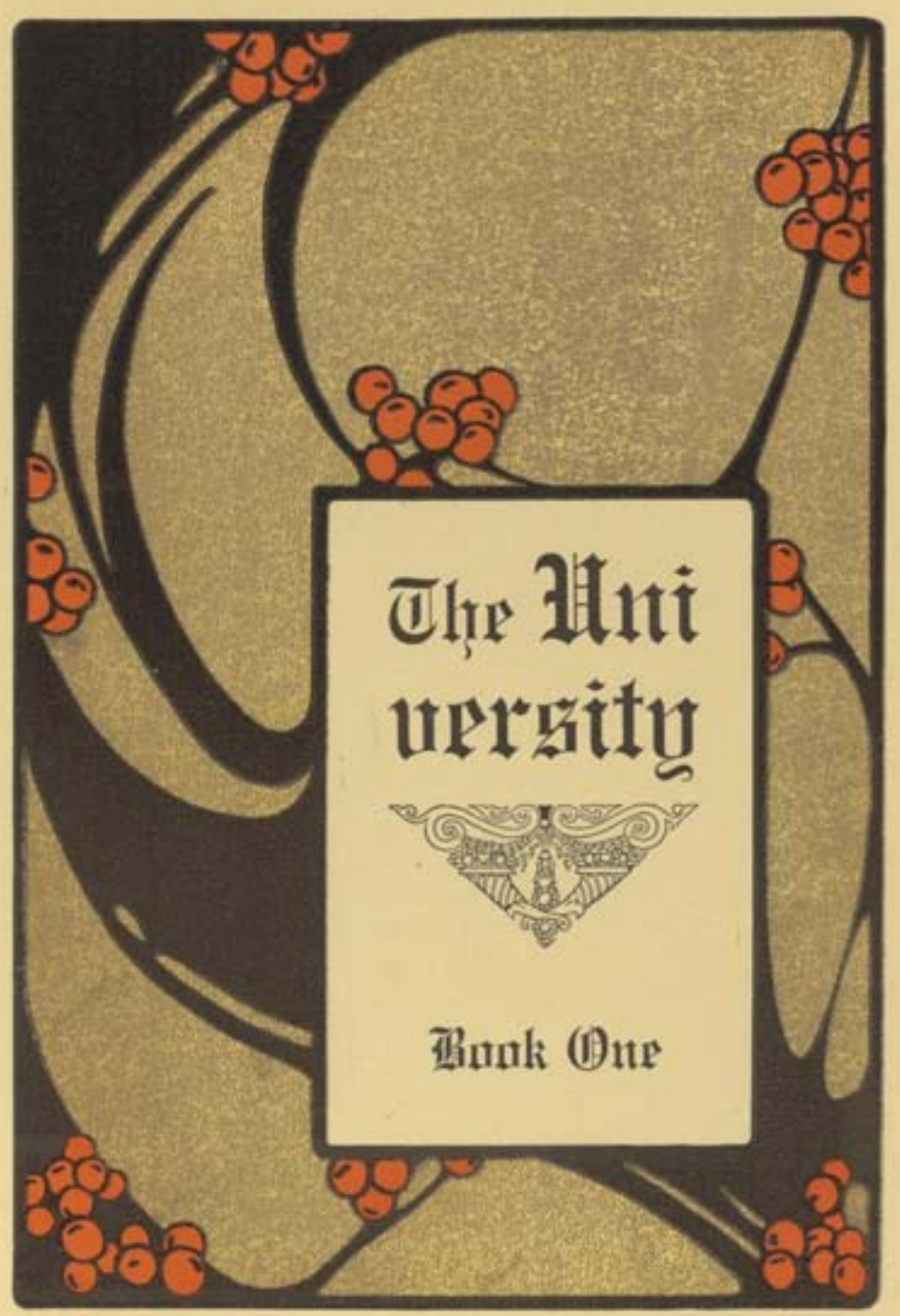
Sewanee has always stood for scholarship and culture. The classics have always occupied a large place in her curriculum. Two of her students are Rhodes' scholars in Oxford now.

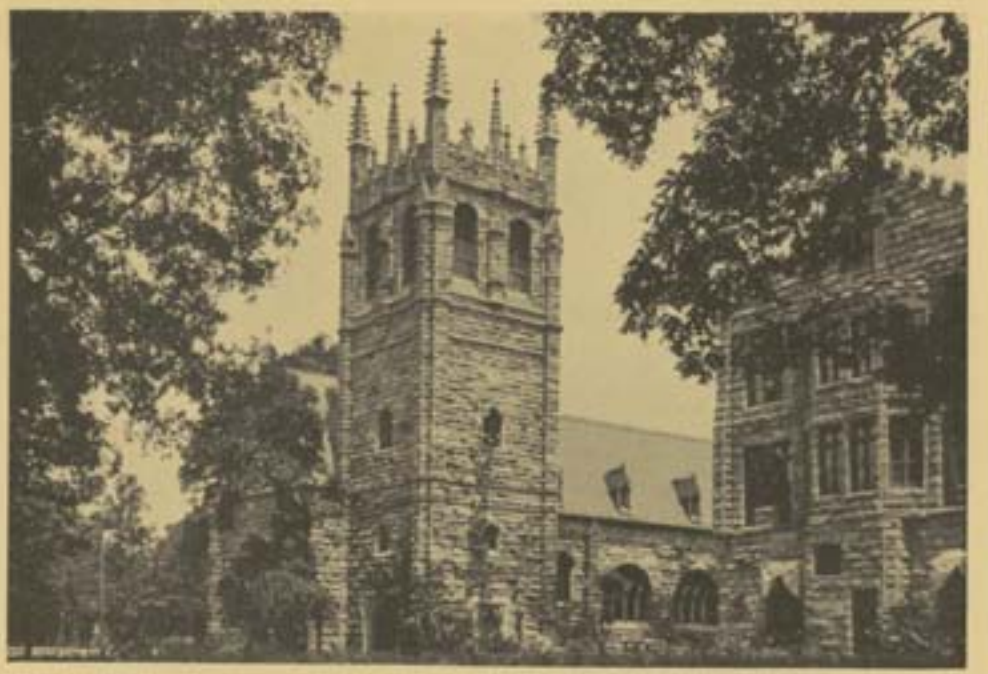
Athletics have always played a large part in the life at the University. With a student body that is never large her football team is the peer of the best, and for twenty-five years past has either been the championship team of the South, or a competitor for championship honors.

A unique social life has always existed here. The University is Sewanee, and all have a part in its life. Friendships are created, relationships are established that are quite impossible in large places or in urban institutions. Nothing at Sewanee is too good for the college student. He is a part of the place, and it is not strange that the place becomes a part of him. It is the dream of the future that even if numbers increase, as we have every right to expect, the same characteristics will distinguish the place and its life.

The University of the South is a big name for us to have taken, but it is far better to have a big name and live up to it than to take a small one and be satisfied with it, and while it may never be the University of the South in point of size, there is no reason why it should not labor to excel in the quality of its training, in the character of its men, in the purity of its ideals, and in the loftiness of its aspirations.


Order of
BOOKS
I·UNIVERSITY
II·CLASSES
III·ORGANIZATIONS
IV·ATHLETICS
V·AROUND THE CAMPUS


The Uni
versity
Book One



BRESLIN TOWER



SCIENCE HALL



WINTER SCENE



HODGSON-EMERALD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL



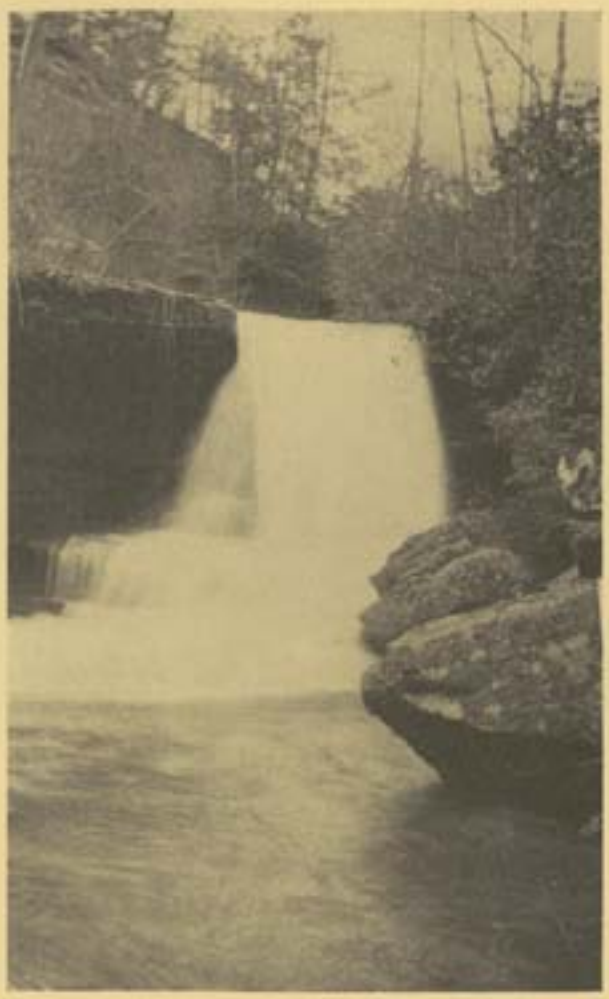
QUINTARD HALL



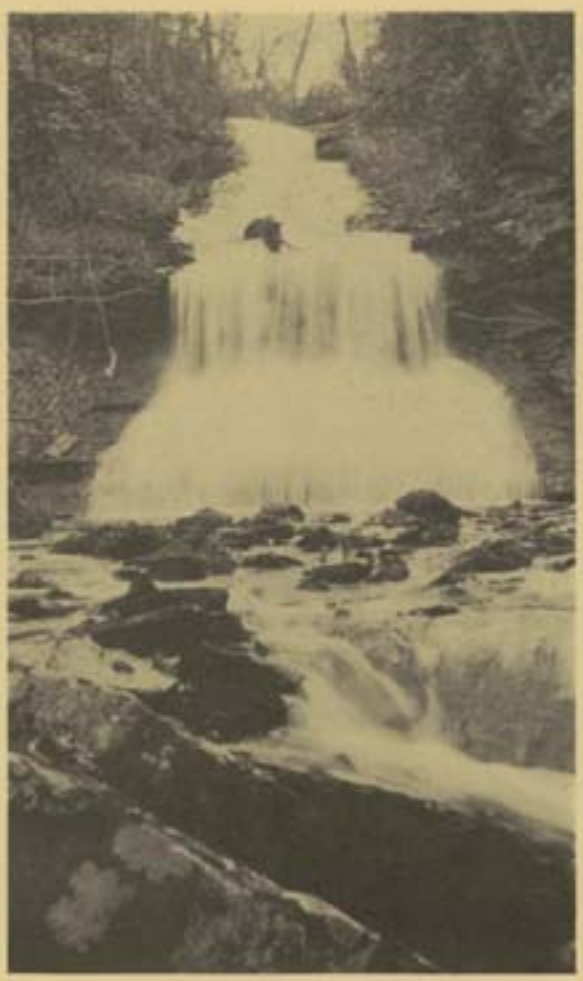
HOFFMAN HALL



NATURAL BRIDGE.



WATERFALL



WATERFALL.



KIRBY-SMITH RESIDENCE



BRESLIN IN WINTER



MANIGAULT PARK



GREEN'S VIEW



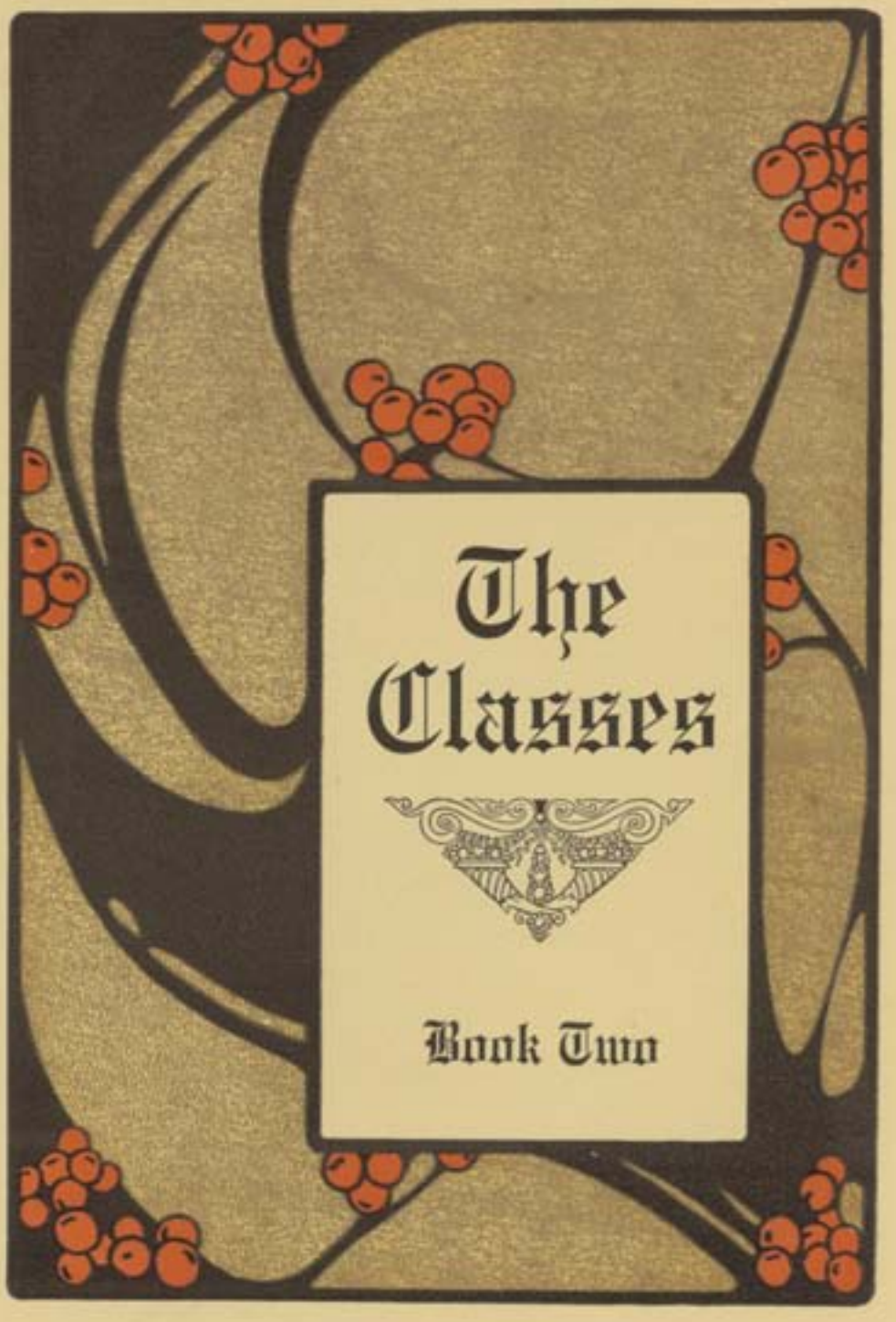
ALL SAINTS' CHAPEL



A SUMMER RESIDENCE



JUMP-OFF


The
Classes
Book Two

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The Chancellor



Sewanee would not be Sewanee without the name of Bishop Gailor connected with it. Ever since 1882 it has been a part of his life; first as Chaplain and Professor of Ecclesiastical History; then as Vice-Chancellor; later as Bishop of the Diocese of Tennessee and trustee interested in its welfare; and since 1908 its Chancellor.

In adversity he has been Sewanee's friend, and has rejoiced with it in its days of prosperity. He has never ceased to believe in the part that the University has to play in the life of the Church in the South and the contribution it has to make in the life of the National Church. The Chapel Service at Sewanee was his creation, and so great has its hold been on the men of the University that they have taken it with them to every part of the South, and many has been the parish that has adopted it as its own.

May he be spared to us for many years to come, and as the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, may he realize more fully that Sewanee is still his own, that as he has helped to make her, so in loving appreciation she offers to him her all, realizing that what she is is but the fulfillment of his hopes, and his very handiwork.

The Vice-Chancellor

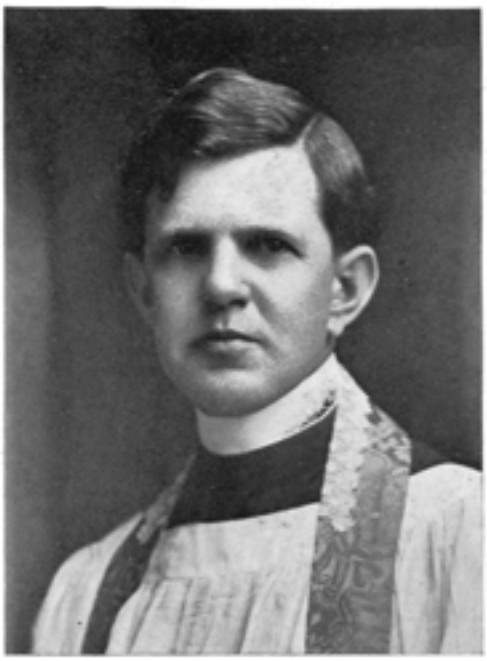


The Right Reverend Albion Williamson Knight, D.D., the seventh Vice-Chancellor of the University, brings to the office many and varied talents—business, administrative and theological. In his 'teens he was a student in the Academic and Theological departments. When he left the University as a student, he was sent back as a Trustee, representing the Diocese of Florida, which position he filled for seven years. For twelve years he was an Alumnus Trustee, during a large part of which time he was a member of the Executive Committee (the forerunner of the Board of Regents), and also a member of the Endowment Committee.

In 1904 Bishop Knight severed his active connection with the University by accepting his election as the first Missionary Bishop of Cuba; which office he filled until 1914, when he was installed as Vice-Chancellor of the University. While Bishop of Cuba he was the Commissary Bishop of Porto Rico, Haiti, and the Panama Canal Zone, which latter position he still holds. Shortly after beginning work in Cuba, Bishop Knight founded The Cathedral School in Havana, for both English and Spanish speaking boys and girls, which has an enrollment of over two hundred.

Bishop Knight, during the short time that he has been in office, has accomplished a great deal towards putting the University on a firm foundation, and we anticipate many and good results from his administration.

The Chaplain



REV. JOHN B. CANNON

Our Chaplain! Yes, he's ours, and we hope for keeps, because he's a real gold link in our little chain of life at Sewanee, and no matter how great the tension at times, whether from without or within, he always rings true and proves his metal. Of course, we hesitate to attempt the history of a man who has the reputation of having more kin-folk than there are fish in the sea, for fear lest we find ourselves referring back to the "Cannons" of Scripture for correct data, but inasmuch as we believe in this age as one of specialization, and have lost interest in ancestral worship, we feel justified in confining ourselves to a chapter of his Sewanee life which has already been a potent factor in our midst. He is what the business man calls "a live wire," and if you don't believe it, seize the first opportunity that offers itself to come in contact with him, and no matter how slight the touch, or how trivial the matter, you will feel the electric spark of a real personality, an identity which finds its fullest expression in the one word which is life's *sine qua non*—Friendship.

Mr. Cannon has been the Chaplain of the University since the fall of 1913, and has more and more become a cogent and convincing influence among the student body. The secret of his work is the happy faculty he possesses which enables him always to see the student's point of view. In other words, he is one of the boys in the very truest sense. It is through his untiring energy and earnest effort that a Common Room has been provided for each of the dormitories, which satisfies a long-felt need in the life of the student body.

We, therefore, appreciate him; yes, we love him, and even as he believes in and trusts everyone of us, we have long since placed in him a confidence which, we hope, will be the means of keeping him among us as a guiding and directing power for all that is pure, all that is true, all that is noble, all that helps a man to be glad of life and to know the joy of living.



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Vice-Chancellor

REV. WILLIAM PORCHER DUBOSE, M.A., S.T.D., D.C.L.
Dean Emeritus of the Theological Department, and Professor Emeritus of Exegesis and Moral Science

SAMUEL MARX BARTON, PH.D.
Professor of Mathematics

WILLIAM BOONE NAUTS, M.A.
Professor of Latin

REV. THOMAS ALLEN TIDBALL, D.D.
Professor Emeritus of Ecclesiastical History, and Lecturer in Early English and American Church History

REV. WILLIAM HASKELL DUBOSE, M.A.
Professor of Old Testament Language and Interpretation

BENJAMIN LEFEVRE COULSON, C.E.
(Associate Member American Society Civil Engineers)
Professor of Civil Engineering

WALTER HULLIHEN, M.A., PH.D.
Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, and Professor of Greek

JOHN MACLAREN MCBRYDE, JR., M.A., PH.D.
Professor of English

REV. CLEVELAND KEITH BENEDICT, D.D.
Dean of the Theological Department, and Professor of Pastoral Theology and Homiletics

COLIN MACKENZIE MACKALL, B.A., B.S., CHEM. M.S.
Professor of Chemistry

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Professor of New Testament Language and Interpretation

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GEORGE MERRICK BAKER, PH.D.
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Assistant Professor of English

KENNETH MCDONALD LYNE, B.C.E.
Acting Assistant Professor of Engineering

HERMANN STABB, M.A.
Professor of French (Summer Term, 1914)

JOHN ROBINSON MCCLUNG, M.A.
Assistant in Chemistry (Summer Term, 1914)

WILLIAM JENNINGS GARDNER, LL.B.
Director of Physical Culture

*Died November 28, 1914.

Killed in France June 8-1918.

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FRANK LYNWOOD WREN
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JOHN WESLEY RUSSEY, JR.
ROBERT LEE TOLLEY
Associate Proctors

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This Board is elected by the Board of Regents to act as a council of advice in the government of the University.

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Vice-Chancellor, Chairman Ex-Officio

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B. L. COULSON
DU VAL G. CRAVENS
JOHN B. CANNON

†Absent on leave, in charge Red Cross Hospital, Pau, France.



The Installation of the Vice-Chancellor

THE chief event in University circles during the past year was the retirement of William B. Hall, M.D., from the Vice-Chancellorship and the installation of the Right Rev. Albion Williamson Knight, D.D., sometime Bishop of Cuba, as the new Vice-Chancellor. Both the outgoing and the incoming Vice-Chancellors are Sewanee men and have been almost lifelong friends. The installation brought many of the alumni of the University to Sewanee, and perhaps there has never been a more impressive service than this held in the old or new chapel. Bishop Knight was elected Vice-Chancellor in 1913, taking active charge in 1914. The installation took place in All Saints Chapel Monday, June 15, at 11 a.m., and was the first service of its kind ever held in Sewanee. In the absence of the Right Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, Chancellor of the University, the Right Rev. C. K. Nelson of Atlanta presided. The charge was delivered by the presiding Bishop of the Church, the Right Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, D.D., and after the declaration was said by the Vice-Chancellor-elect, greetings were presented by representatives from universities and colleges, the Sewanee Alumni, the faculties of the University and the student body. The University hymn, composed by Bishop Gailor, was sung to the familiar setting, and after prayers and the benediction, the recessional, "O God Our Help in Ages Past," was sung.

Vice-Chancellor Knight's inaugural address delighted all lovers of Sewanee. He emphasized the things for which Sewanee has stood in the past, the things for which

she stands in the present, and the things she must stand for in the future, and he made the fact clear that only when we hold to the things that have made her great in the years gone by will she realize the ideals of her founders in her future usefulness and power; and that her position in the South among other institutions, her location on the Cumberland Plateau, her extensive domain of thousands of acres of mountain land, made her unique. She stands for scholarship, but she also stands for character, and her purpose is to develop the character of her men through the attainment of scholarship. She believes in the all-round man with all of his faculties trained, and her aim and purpose are to develop him in body, soul and spirit. As said in the Vice-Chancellor's declaration, the University must remain faithful to Church and State, devoted to the development of Christian manhood, the cause of sound learning, and the promotion of loyal and patriotic citizenship.

The faith expressed by the new Vice-Chancellor in the future of Sewanee has been justified in the results of the year just passed, during which the University has made a distinct advance in the size of its student body and in its material growth and prosperity.

Many plans have been made for a larger and greater Sewanee, in which the conservation and development of her material resources are to have a distinct place and part, and if in the years to come the alumni of the University revisit the place, they may find it changed, but in the changes they will be able to see not the disappearance of the old, but the old made greater in the new.





Henry Dennison Brown

Thomas Waterman Cate

Thomas Patton Cheatham

Robert Balling Eggleston

Winston Gill Evans

Fayette Clay Ewing

John Morgan Frierson

Archibald Henderson

Rev. Clarence Craft Leman

John Cheairs Mayes
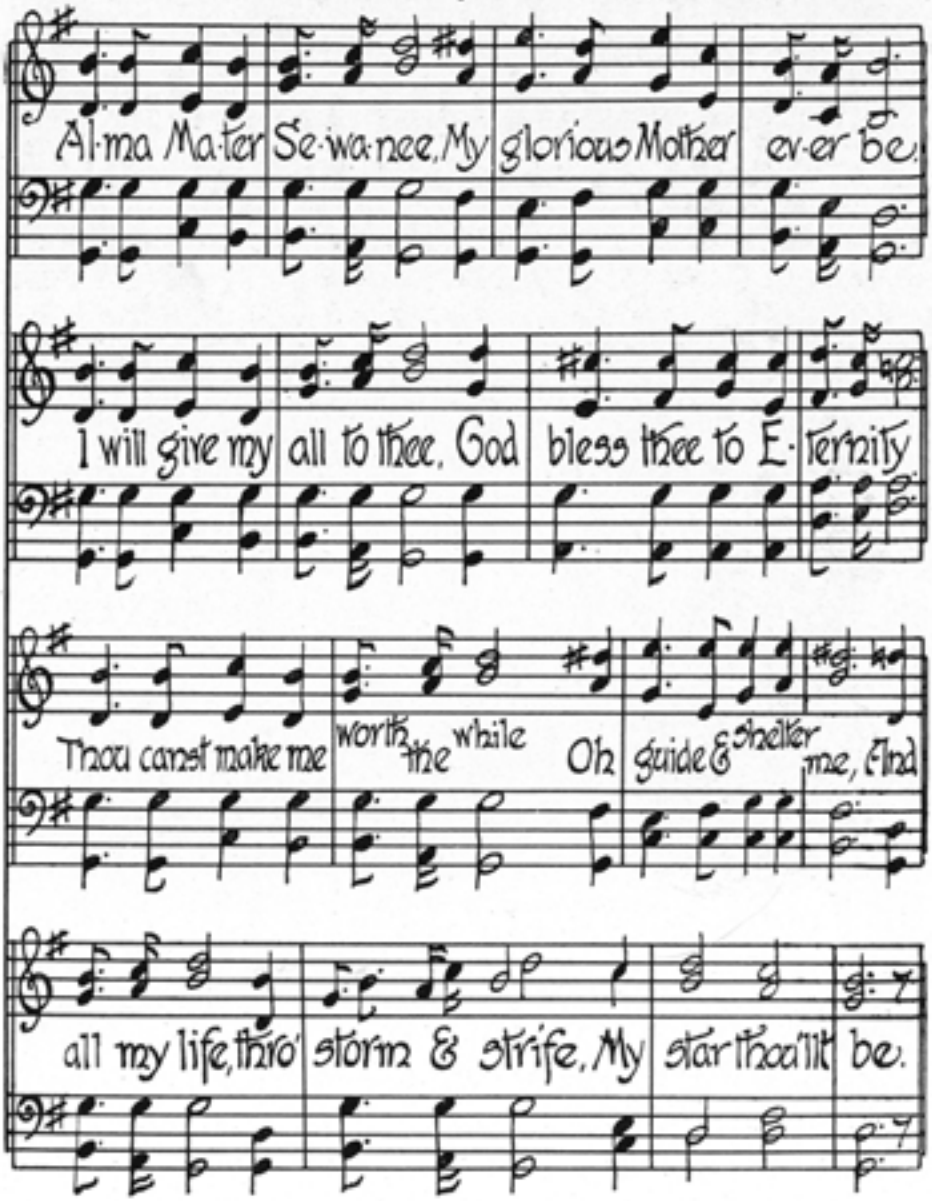
Patrick Henry Nelson

Thomas Bisland Palfrey

Albert Rhett Taber

Alma Mater, Sewanee

Words and Music by Newton Middleton



THEOLOGICAL DEPARTM'T





REV. C. K. BENEDICT, D.D.
Dean

Who will say just exactly what a reformer will do—once he gets the bee. With a tolerant smile, or perhaps a polite yawn, he quickly disposes of all who do not hold to the same opinion as he—and usually they are many—adjusts his trousers so that they won't bag—and congratulates everyone that he is alive to straighten out the world.

Hunh!—and we had one of these with us last year. A mighty fine fellow—capital—but now he is gone. What he didn't do to St. Luke's was not worthy of being done. The cobwebs of the middle section room, the chairs of our pet library, the community woodpile, all were duly investigated and commented upon; and then, worst of all offenses, the venerable and historic K. K. convened not. Gloom was everywhere, save on the bright, shiny morning faces of the belligerent Juniors and the soft-oily postulant.

But that was last year—1914. This is 1915—and the K. K. has held its session—and disposed of all new cases, and those of the old that were available—with accumulated interest. Good old K. K.

The night of the *Yelp* banquet—the *Yelp* being a semi-occasional sheet devoted to constructive knocking of students and faculty, a tawny, flying-haired child of Trag's—that night the clans assembled in great solemnity to consider the blatant Junior Class as

a whole. No difficulty was found in making charges. On the contrary, the blue pencil had to be used very freely and sharpened often, owing to the great frankness of some aggrieved Seniors. Finally, all being in readiness, the trap was sprung, and from all over the building sounded the satisfying thunk of beds. Then began the Pie-rade down to the court room. You of St. Luke's know where that is. Food for the gods! There was our new Ph.D.—uncertain and quizzical, yet with an air of assurance that seemed to peeve some of the older ones, notably our sure-enough Deacon. Yes, there was Nelson, of Nashville fame; Noe, who lost his temper at the mere sight of our husky sheriff—Ross. This latter is known to have lifted a match with hardly a tremor. Mr. Keller, late under the tutelage of our affectionate Archdeacon Breezy Vine. Mr. Pearline Bowden and the Igarot Serapion completes the list. Each responded prettily to his name, and the slaughter began. The State's Attorney, Deacon Smith, showed marked ability in civil law. With a few succinct statements—uncombatable, since a look at the prisoner filled in the unsaid—he disposed of case after case until the outraged Ph.D. was the only one untried. And right here the Deacon, enraged by the very sight of the Nipponese, started the fireworks. The court was abashed. The Judge—worthy Clarks(villian)—reversed his wig and began to utter those inarticulate sounds he makes when tickled. At length the Deacon was done. The sentences—the visible part of which was a colored ribbon—were given, and K. K. adjourned for another year.

And now, let us ask just what will a reformer do when St. Luke's will not be reformed?



ST. LUKE'S HALL

The Academic Department



THE beginning of August of the first summer home from college witnesses a very peculiar thing. The Freshman, dissatisfied, even unhappy, and anxious for the year to end, now feels the real pull back to the Old Mountain. This feeling increases until his anticipation is almost painful. He packs his trunk with the very last gasp in neckwear and the most extreme cut of clothes. He will go back to the Hill and disport himself to the wonderment and edification of those verdant Freshmen. With great gusto he pictures the effect of that short, tight-fitting coat, and that budding tie. The freshmen will gaze—he will not mind that—and perhaps imitate—the latter very desirable.

The train jolts to a stop—good old mountain goat, as he affectionately calls it. His *nonchalance* as he lets Henry or Wilson carry off his suitcase is calculated to stun the Freshmen who have arrived with him, as is also the frat grip with which he greets some few on the platform. He is now one of the old boys and is enjoying the sensation to the limit. Arrived at Hoffman, the thrill is increased until he will like to burst. And so on—it is useless to try to describe his patronizing airs—(leave that to your own reminiscence). Last year's dissatisfied Freshman is this year's self-satisfied Sophomore, and last year's discomfitures are repaid in full on this year's impossibles. He is now in very truth a Sewanee man.

Fraternity rushing, wise consultations and general agreeableness are the order of the day. Then there is the team. Everybody on the mountain is talking of the team, its prospects, and chances against Vandy, for the team is everybody's possession. This is used to great effect on the rushee: Coach Cope; last year's results; the Vanderbilt score—see it there on the billboard in Hoffman, S 14—V 13. Descriptions of that last minute of play, when Sikes' toe got nervous and booted the pigskin wild, giving us the margin. All this is recounted to the Freshman protege with all the flourishes and additions that truth will stand for. Practice is watched and commented upon. Who will make the Varsity? Who is going to punt?—until the poor Freshman's head is a whirling nebula of fraternities, the team, 14-13, 16-5, visions of at least one good night of sleep, and, last of all, classes, which latter doesn't make much difference as yet.

Then, pledge day over and after the bumps have been accounted for, things settle down a little—in that football is now the only topic. Loyalty to the team is in the air. Sewanee spirit, unseen and undefinable, is everywhere. The mass-meetings help a little to afford an escape valve for the suffocating tension. One comes in from practice assured that nothing can penetrate the line—nothing outside of a steam roller—and that our backfield is the best in the South. Already eleven places on the mythical All-Southern are conceded to Sewanee. We call to mind the famous 1899 team. Then, next morning, with the reading of the dope in the Tennessean, these same spirits fall almost as suddenly as they had risen. Sporting writers in general, and that one of the Tennessean in particular, are reviled and cursed in a way that only a collegian can. The wonder is that someone doesn't go stark mad. Hoffman bull sessions consume two-thirds of the nights and all the days. Finally the schedule is accounted for—all save Vandy—and if the tension was high up to now, this last ten days cannot be described, from lack of proper adjectives. The Mountain rings night and day with blood-curdling yells and screams. Someone turns loose a shotgun, and from all sides of Hoffman answering echoes come. There is a crash—someone's only wash bowl—a smash—that was a window light—until by about two o'clock quiet is again restored.



WALTER HULLIHEN, Ph.D.
Dean

After Thanksgiving Day things are so quiet by contrast that classes are taken up to supply the want, a poor substitute, but the only one at hand. Yet even classes now have a thrill, for there is the term exam period only a very few weeks away. These severe sinister spectres give a very different kind of feeling compared to the snap of the football season. If youthful exuberance was then voiced in catcalls and staccato U. of S.'s, it is now a hopeful fear that pervades the atmosphere. There is so much to be done and so little time left that the prospect is appalling. Inward misgivings, midnight oil and bloodshot eyes are the only visible signs of inward unrest. Touch a man on the shoulder and he gives a wheeling jump, showering the atmosphere with a French irregular, a Chem formula or the life of Byron. A little singing down in the Common Room brings forth roars of "Can it!" and other gentle reminders of the times.

Yet all things unpleasant have an end, and the Christmas holiday is the reward of all, both flunks and passes. And for a while the Mountain is deathly quiet.

But with the fourth of January activities are again resumed and amusements in the form of basketball and Alkahest performances are proposed for the jaded tastes of the *blase* collegian. Pre-Lenten excitement, to be sure, affords a welcome break in the sodden, soaking, cloudy weeks, but even this but accentuates the interminable weeks of Lent. Is it any wonder that the "call of the wild" finds ready devotees and that the Hoffman Cabaret does such a thriving business? Hoffman grub—the mystery of the hash dish politely called Review of Reviews—is the only topic. Something must be found to fill in the idle time. Yet still time hangs heavy until Easter is but a few days away. Then the Hoffman tailors get busy—likewise those of Palmetto and Magnolia—and on Easter Sunday their respective and respected representatives cause quite a little stir in chapel. But the Gownsman, with his billowing gown, carries away the prize, for it is only permitted to these dignified ones to take up the offering. The observed of all observers—what need of a new spring suit here? And then the dances—soft weather, soft music and soft words. Perhaps a short and spirited correspondence, and then the grind to June with the excitement of Commencement and the dances. Baseball fills the intervening time. Again the midnight oil, the direful uncertainty, but all is swallowed up in the mad whirl of Commencement time. Then we speak boldly to the old grads—feel like slapping each one of the trustees on the back and calling him "Old Man." All care is dropped. We are Sewanee men, members of the University, and therefore proud and privileged personages.

Once again Cowan looms in sight as the gate to home. But remember—looking the other way—it is also the gate to Sewanee and all her traditions.



HOFFMAN

Medals and Prizes

Commencement, Nineteen Fourteen

Master's Medal for Latin

Robert Coulter Walker Tennessee

Ruggles-Wright Medal for French

William Burch Henman Tennessee

Buchel Medal for Spanish

William Smith Stevens, Jr. South Carolina

E. G. Richmond Prize in Political Science

Charles Snowden Piggott Tennessee

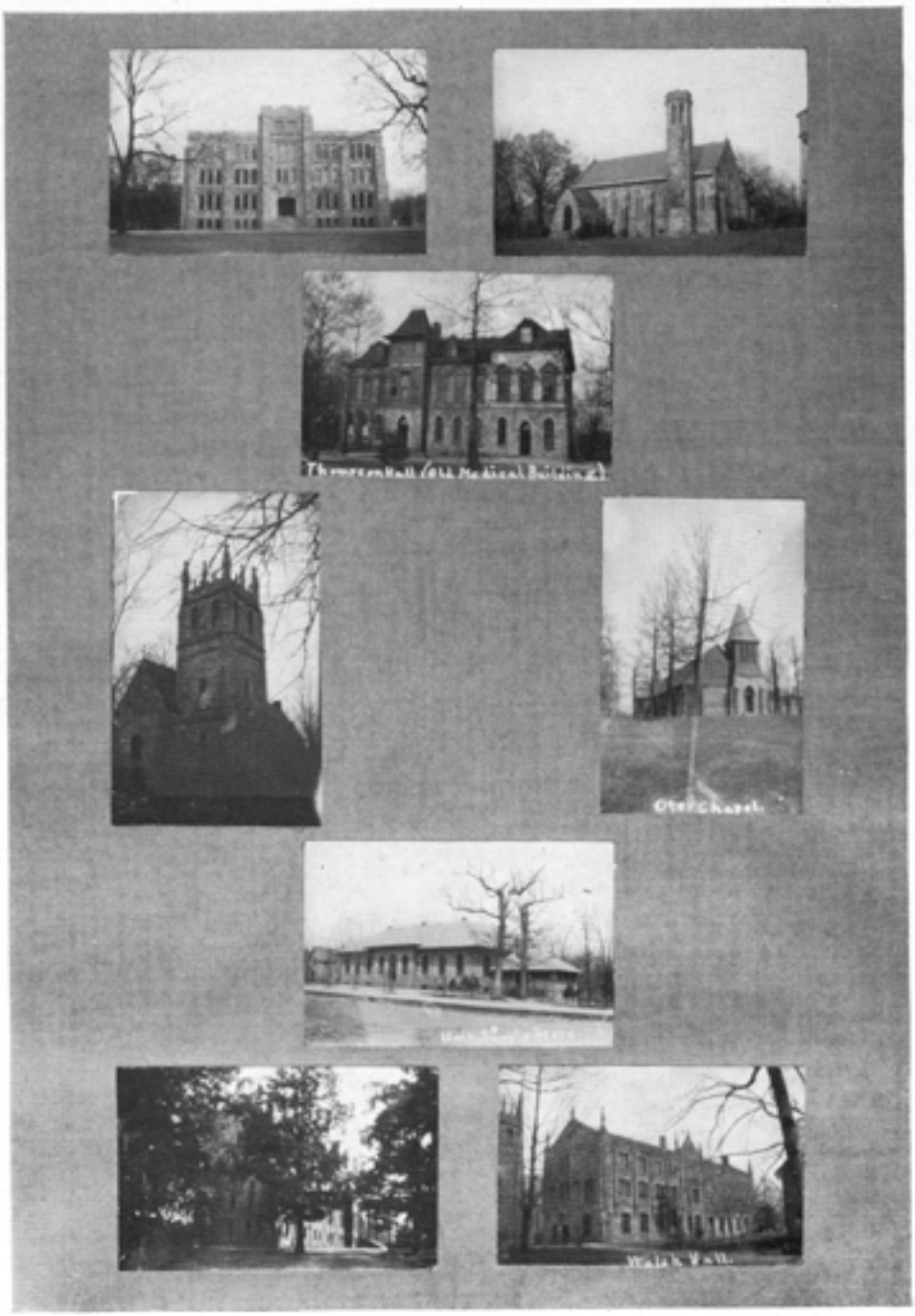
The Horatio Nelson Spencer Prize for Hebrew

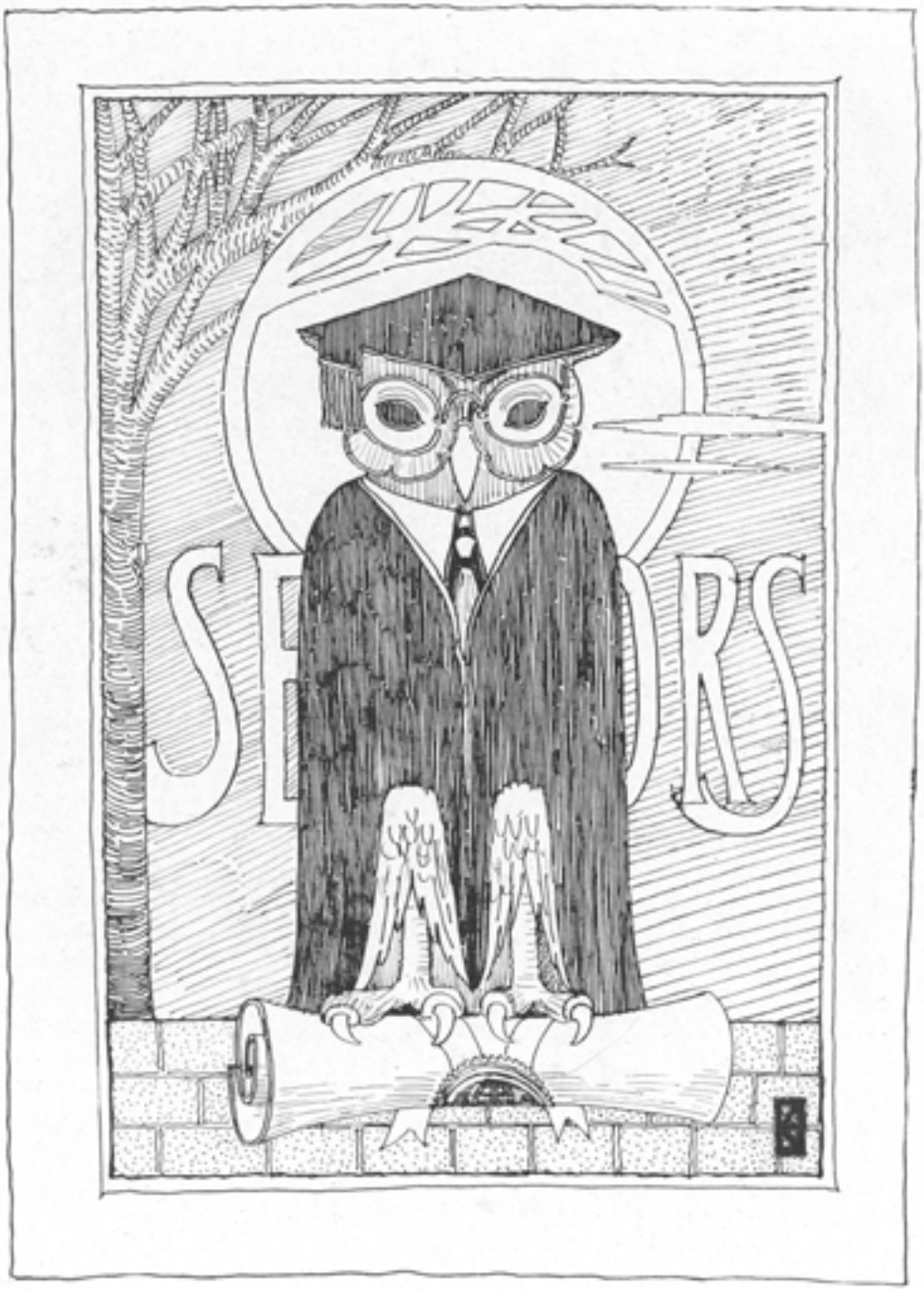
Robert Newton Ward Tennessee

The Prize for Ecclesiastical History

Henry DeSaussure Bull Tennessee

The College wishes to recognize by specially honorable mention in this place, the name of Frederick Miller Morris, of Oklahoma, as having obtained as a Freshman the highest grades of which any record is to be found in the University.




SE RS



CLASS of '15



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Pat Candler Dinkins *Vice-President*

Geo. R. Ossman *Secretary and Treasurer*

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Sumner Guerry
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E. F. Hudkins
R. N. MacCallum
F. L. Wren
R. L. McGoodwin
I. H. Noe
George Ossman
D. R. Ottmann
W. M. Reynolds
N. C. Schlemmer
H. C. Smith
R. L. Tolley
R. C. Walker

ELLIS MILLER BEARDEN, B.A.
Fayetteville, Tenn.

Sewanee Literary Society; Glee Club; University Choir; Sewanee Players (Summer, 1914); Punch and Judy; Hill Scholarship; Instructor in Mathematics.



FRANCIS WADSWORTH CLARKE, B.A.
K Σ, Δ Π Β
Maysville, Ky.

University Organist, four years; St. Luke's Organist, three years; Sewanee Literary Society; Neograph; Phrathan; Punch and Judy, Manager '14-'15; Sewanee Summer Players, '14; Glee Club, Accompanist '12-'13, Manager '14-'15; Honor Committee, '12-'13; Purple Staff, '12-'13; Business Manager Purple, '14-'15; Overton Lea Scholarship; University Quartette.



NICHOLAS HAMNER COBBS, B.A.
Σ A E
Montgomery, Ala.

President Senior German Club; Scrub Football Team, three years; Scrub Baseball Team, three years.





PAT CHANDLER DINKINS, B.A.

Σ A E

Atlanta, Ga.

Senior Ribbon Society; Varsity Baseball Team, three years; Captain Baseball Team, 1915; President Class '12 and '13; Vice-President Class '14 and '15; Cap and Gown Staff, '14-'15; Neograph, President '12-'13; Sopherim; Phradian; Purple Staff, Athletic Editor '13-'14, Associate Editor '14-'15; Honor Committee; Senior German Club; Pan-Hellenic.



LAWRENCE W. FAUCETT, B.A., B.D.

Δ Τ Δ

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Sewanee Literary Society; Phradian; Purple Staff, two years; Punch and Judy; Sewanee Summer Players; Glee Club; University Choir; University Quartette; Cap and Gown Staff, '12-'13; Physical Director University, '13-'14; Sewanee Missionary Society; Pan-Hellenic; Louisiana Medal for Oratory, 1913; Van House Medal for German, 1913; Member A. B. C.



WILLIS PIEMONT GERHART, B.A., B.D.

K Σ

Clarksville, Tenn.

Sopherim, Secretary '13-'14; Phradian, Secretary '13-'14; Sewanee Literary Society; Williston Philosophy Prize, 1912; President Senior Theological Class; Punch and Judy; Sewanee Missionary Society; Senior German Club.

EDGAR FERNANDO HUDKINS, B.A.
Martin, Tenn.

Scrub Football, '13-'14; Hill Scholarship; St. Luke's Organist, '12-'13; Tennessee Club.



ROBERT NELSON MACCALLUM
K Σ
Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Senior Ribbon Society; Sopherim; Neograph; Phradian; Honor Committee; Purple Staff, Circulation Manager '11-'12, Business Manager '12-'13; Glee Club, '12-'13; University Choir; Punch and Judy; Football Team, '10, '11, '12, '13; Captain Football Team, '13; Missionary Society; President Junior Class Theological Department; Pan-Hellenic; Sewanee Literary Society; Senior German Club.



ROBERT LEA MCGOODWIN
Φ Δ Θ
Lake Providence, La.

Senior Ribbon Society; Captain Scrub Football Team, '13; Baseball Team, '12, '13, '14; Captain Baseball Team, '14; Member A. B. C., '14-'15.





ISRAEL HARDING NOE
Σ A E
Wilmington, N. C.

Sewanee Literary Society, President '14; Alabama Debate, '14; Delegate Student Volunteer Convention, '14; Debate Council, '13-'14; Honor Committee, '11, '12, '13; Scrub Football Team, '11, '12, '13; Captain Scrub Football Team, '12; Purple Staff, '11, '12, '13; Missionary Society; Winner Raymond Prize for Debate; Pan-Hellenic.



GEORGE OSSMAN
A T Ω
Cleveland, Ohio

Nenograph; Phradian; Scrub Football, '11, '12, '13; Baseball Manager, '14; Purple Staff, Circulation Manager '12-'13, Business Manager '13-'14; University Choir; Punch and Judy; Missionary Society; St. Luke's Brotherhood, Secretary and Treasurer; Honor Committee; Pan-Hellenic.



DONALD RADSBAUGH OTTMANN, B.A.
Atlanta, Ga.

Senior German Club; Sewanee Literary Society, Secretary '13-'14; Alabama Debate, '14; Sopherim; Punch and Judy; Chelidon; Glee Club, two years; Knight Medal for Declamation.



WILLIAM MCKENZIE REYNOLDS, B.A.

A T Ω

Sumpter, S. C.

Secretary and Treasurer Class '11-'12; Junior German Club; Senior German Club; Neograph, Vice President '12-'13; Phradian; Sewanee Literary Society, Critic '14, Vice-President '15; Debating Council; Representative Tennessee Oratorical Contest, '14; Winner Loving Cup Cross Country, '14; Punch and Judy; Scrub Football Team; Scrub Baseball Team; President South Carolina Club; Pan-Hellenic; Cap and Gown Staff, '14-'15.

NORMAN CHARLES SCHLEMMER, B.A.

K A

Austin, Texas

Senior Ribbon Society; Honor Committee; Senior German Club, President; Pan-Hellenic; Scrub Baseball Team.

HENRY CLARK SMITH, B.A., B.D.,

Σ N

Charlotte, N. C.

Senior Ribbon Society; Physical Director, '11-'13; Phradian; Sopherim; President Sewanee Literary Society, '12; Missionary in Arizona, '13-'14; Honor Committee; St. Luke's Brotherhood; President Sewanee Missionary Society, '14-'15; Vice-President Senior Theological Class.



ROBERT LEE TOLLEY

K A

Columbia, Tenn.

Senior Ribbon Society; Football Team, '11, 12, '13, '14; Captain Football Team, '14; Varsity Basketball Team, '13; Varsity Baseball Team, '13; President Junior German Club, '13-'14; Neograph; Captain Kappa Alpha Basketball Team, '15; Assistant Proctor.



ROBERT COULTER WALKER, B.A.

K Σ

Santa Fe, Tenn.

Senior Ribbon Society; President Senior Class; Chairman Honor Committee; Editor-in-Chief Cap and Gown, '14-'15; Assistant Proctor, '13-'14; Head Proctor, '14-'15; Latin Medal, '14; Baseball Team, '14; Purple Staff, three years; Sopherim; Phradian; Neograph; Vice-President Senior German Club; Pan-Hellenic.



FRANK LYNWOOD WREN, B.A.

K Σ

Martin, Tenn.

Phradian; Assistant in Mathematics and French; Senior German Club; Varsity Basketball, '13; Captain Kappa Sigma Basketball Team, '15; Tennessee Club; Assistant Proctor.

Class of 1916

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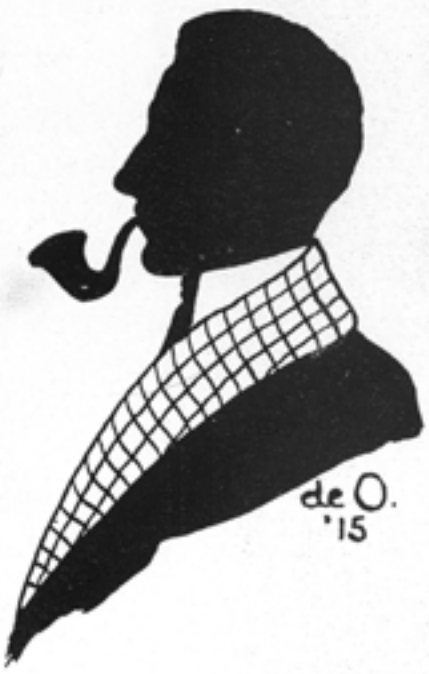
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B. R. Sleeper *Vice-President*

E. T. Bowden *Secretary and Treasurer*

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A. W. Smith
A. H. Styron
G. C. G. Wagner
W. W. W. Weatherly





TROY BEATTY, JR.
Δ T Δ
Athens, Ga.

Sewanee Literary Society; University Choir.

ALBERT H. BLUM
Greenville, Miss.

Scrub Football Team, two years; President Mississippi Club.

EDWIN T. BOWDEN
K Σ
Martin, Tenn.

Purple Staff, '13-'14; Assistant Editor Purple, '14-'15; Secretary and Treasurer Junior Class; Secretary Phradian; Varsity Baseball Team, '12-'13, '13-'14; Junior German Club.

PAUL D. BOWDEN
Δ T Δ
Cuero, Texas

Glee Club; University Choir; Texas Club; Missionary Society.

CLARENCE C. CHAFFEE, JR.

Σ A E

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Business Manager Cap and Gown, '12-'13, '14-'15; Neograph; Secretary and Treasurer Freshman and Sophomore Class; Manager Football Team, '14; Tennessee Club; Scrub Football Team, two years; Dudley Scholarship.

BOB TAYLOR DOBBINS

Δ T Δ

Gallatin, Tenn.

Senior Ribbon Society; Football Team, three years; Captain Elect, '15; Manager Baseball Team, '15; President Tennessee Club; Captain Delta Tau Delta Basketball Team.

CLEMENT W. HAMMOND

Δ T Δ

Griffin, Ga.

Neograph; Football Team, two years; Baseball Team, two years; Delta Tau Delta Basketball Team; Junior German Club.

JEROME HARRIS

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Glee Club, three years; University Choir, three years; Junior German Club; Tennessee Club.





WILLIAM B. HINMAN
A T Ω
Sewanee, Tenn.

Tennessee Club; Neograph; Glee Club, two years; University Choir, two years; President Sewanee Literary Society, '14.

CLARENCE H. HORNER
Δ T Δ
San Antonio, Texas

University Choir; Sewanee Literary Society; Junior German Club; Texas Club.

CARL C. LUEDEKING
St. Louis, Mo.

Sopherim; Scrub Football Team, '11, '12, '13; President Chess Club, '12-'13; Purple Staff, '13; Chelidon; Cap and Gown Staff, '14-'15.

EDGAR L. JONES
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Varsity Baseball Team, '13-'14; Captain Non-Frat Basketball Team, '13-'14; Purple Staff, '14-'15; Assistant Business Manager Cap and Gown, '12-'13; Advertising Manager Cap and Gown, '14-'15; Senior German Club.

Drawn in "Rochester" 1917

FRANK H. MCLEOD, JR.
Florence, S. C.

Junior German Club; Sewanee Literary Society; South Carolina Club.

WILLIAM W. MILLER
Benton, Ala.

Sewanee Literary Society; Junior German Club, President Alabama Club; Hill Scholarship; Secretary Chelidon.

CHARLES NELSON
Δ Τ Δ
Nashville, Tenn.

Secretary and Treasurer Senior German Club; Glee Club; Tennessee Club; Honor Committee.

RAY PALMER
Σ Α Ε
Houston, Texas

Football Team, three years; Texas Club; Captain Sigma Alpha Epsilon Basketball Team; S. M. A. Club.





DAN H. RINER

Φ Δ Θ

Mason City, Ill.

Sopherim; Head Cheer Leader, '14; Cap and Gown Staff, '14-'15.

JOHN W. RUSSEY, JR.

Δ T Δ

Atlanta, Ga.

Sopherim; Phradian; President Class '13-'14, '14-'15; Scrub Football, three years; Honor Committee; Senior German Club; Assistant Proctor; Senior Ribbon Society.

JOE MARLEY SCOTT

Λ T Ω

Ripley, Tenn.

Scrub Football, '12; Football Team, '13-'14; Junior German Club; Tennessee Club.

BEN R. SLEEPER

K Σ

Waco, Texas

Purple Staff, two years; Editor-in-Chief Purple, '14-'15; Cap and Gown Staff, '14-'15; Neograph, President '13-'14; Sopherim; Secretary and Treasurer Texas Club; Junior German Club; Vice-President Junior Class; Honor Committee.

AUSTIN W. SMITH
Winchester, Tenn.

Tennessee Club.

GILBERT C. G. WAGNER
Woodside, L. I.

Treasurer Sewanee Literary Society; Glee Club, '13-'14; Missionary Society.

WILLIAM W. W. WEATHERLY
Σ A E
Gulfport, Miss.

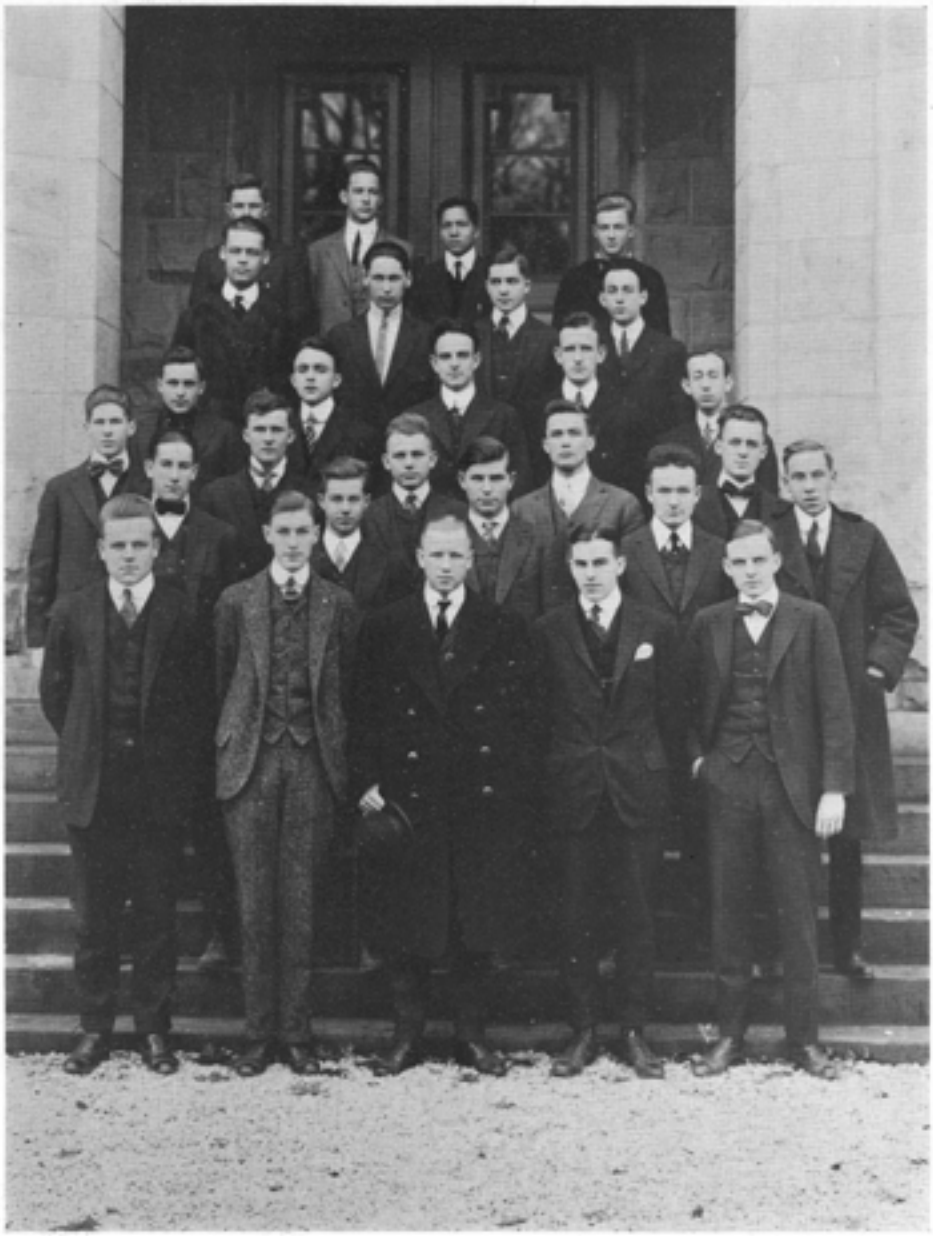
Junior German Club; Mississippi Club.

CHAS. LOARING CLARK
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Lieutenant Charles Loaring Clark went to Toronto, Canada, at the outbreak of the European War and volunteered for service. He was commissioned as a Lieutenant in the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto. Lieut. Clark is now serving with the Third Battalion of this regiment on the Continent. (Probably in France). Clark has been a student at Sewanee, both at the Military Academy, where he was Captain of his Company, and at the University, where he has completed his Junior Year. He belongs to the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity and was a member of the Theological Department.







CLASS OF 1917

Sophomore Class

Officers

W. V. Fort *President*

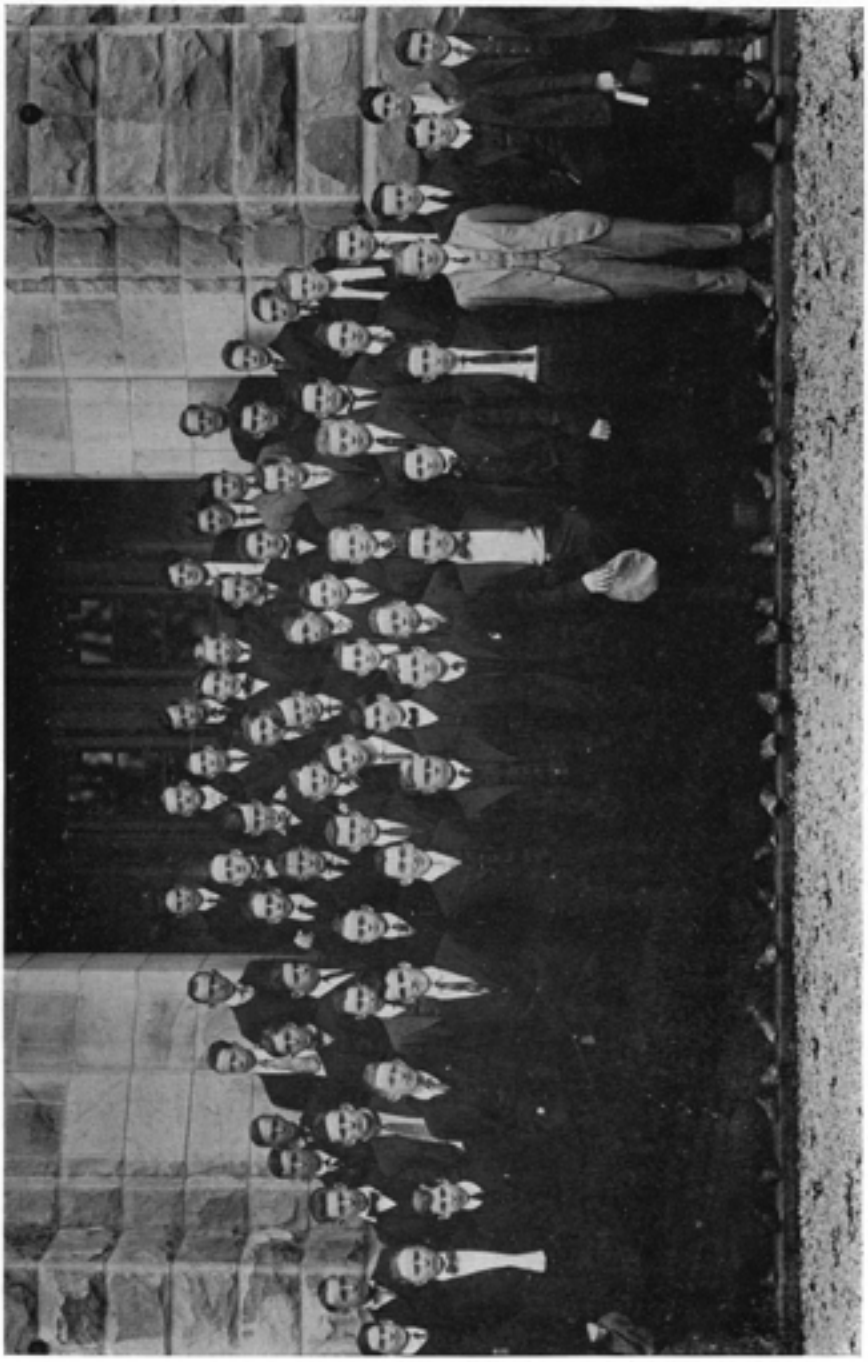
G. M. Orr *Vice-President*

A. H. Schumacher *Secy.-Treas.*

Members

E. H. Baker
H. G. Bethea
W. R. Brewster
M. K. Bruce
T. O. Buchel
H. C. Burton
Frank Byerley, Jr.
Solomon Crownover
A. B. Cowan, Jr.
J. O. Foreman
W. V. Fort
J. S. Gantt
M. W. Glover, Jr.
J. M. Holt
G. A. Major
F. M. Morris
H. B. Morris
J. R. Murphy
G. M. Orr
P. E. Orozco
T. D. Roberts
T. B. Roddy, Jr.
J. H. Rucker
J. T. Schneider
A. H. Schumacher
C. L. Stoney
William Temple, Jr.
H. C. Woodall





CLASS OF 1918

Freshman Class

Members

E. E. Wilbur
A. W. L. Forsythe
P. A. Allen
D. C. Arnold
P. M. Arnold
C. R. Barnes
D. T. Barrow
P. L. Bell
J. C. Bennett, Jr.
W. E. Boyd
C. O. Brown, Jr.
G. T. Chapman, Jr.
John Chipman, Jr.
H. E. Clark
H. B. Clarke
J. H. Cochran
W. C. Dickey
W. E. DuPree
N. S. Edmond
F. R. Ellerbe
G. G. Farrow
J. S. Fields
W. D. Gale III
R. S. Griffith
H. C. Cronert
L. B. Harr
C. L. B. Gamsby
Rexel Goodman
E. B. Harris
G. C. Harrison
W. D. Herring
H. B. Hinton
R. F. Hodge
H. B. Hoye
G. L. Inge
A. M. James
J. M. Johnston
W. G. Leftwich
H. L. Crudgington
H. L. Mantz
Samuel Kaye, Jr.
D. B. Lyman, Jr.
Thomas Mabley
E. H. Martin
W. D. Mayfield
J. E. McCormick
H. Mc. Cuistion
B. D. McIsaac
J. B. Meriwether
R. O. Moss
C. A. Palmer
W. W. Palmer
A. L. Parker
N. E. Paton
H. W. Pearce
J. Y. Perry
F. B. Pyle
W. S. Ray
J. S Roulhac
W. E. Rowe
C. L. Ruth, Jr.
C. G. Sellers
C. E. Senning
R. N. Shannon
W. S. Stoney
L. G. Talley
L. N. Trammell
C. E. Trousdale
R. B. Tullis
P. C. Turner
J. R. Walker
H. W. Westbrook
Stewart Phynizy, Jr.
T. B. Woodmore
E. A. Wortham

Officers

J. S. Roulhac *President*
N. S. Edmond *Vice-President*
C. G. Sellers . . . *Sec. and Treas.*



Alumni Organizations

District of New York—President, Robt. S. Huse, 26 Exchange Place.

District of Philadelphia—President, H. S. Risley, Real Estate, Trust & Title Building.

District of Wilmington—President, Rev. Thos. P. Noe.

District of Columbia—President, George L. Baker, 1429 Senate Avenue.

District of Charleston—President, J. Swinton Whaley, Edisto Island, S. C.

District of Savannah—President, Ford P. Fuller, Real Estate Bank Bldg.

District of Atlanta—President, J. D. Babbage, 1109 Empire Building.

District of Augusta—Marion G. Ridgeley, care of Ridgeley Wing Co., 302 Seventh Street.

District of Jacksonville—President, Judge J. L. Doggett, Consolidated Bldg.

District of Tampa—President, D. C. Gillett.

**District of Pensacola*—

District of Birmingham—President, Geo. L. Watkins, First National Bank Bldg.

District of Montgomery—President, Rev. Stewart McQueen, 96 Mobile Street.

**District of Mobile*—

District of Central, Miss.—President, Rt. Rev. T. D. Bratton, Jackson.

**District of Columbus*—

District of Greenwood—Rev. Edward McCready.

District of Greenville—President, G. G. Alexander.

**District of New Orleans*—

**District of Shreveport*—

District of North Texas—President, Horatio H. Adams.

District of Central Texas—President, Llewellyn Aubrey, Waco.

District of South Texas—President, Hon. James L. Autry, Courtland Place, Houston.

District of Austin—President, Dr. Ralph Steiner.

District of San Antonio—President, Edward H. Wicks.

District of Nashville—President, W. D. Gale, First National Bank Bldg.

**District of Memphis*—

District of Chattanooga—President, Chester Watkins, 16 E. 8th St.

**District of Knoxville*—

**District of Louisville*—

Central Association of Sewanee Alumni, Headquarters, Sewanee—President, W. B. Nauts.

*Organization not yet completed.

Sewanee Alumni Association in the City of New York



T. CHANNING MOORE
Ex-President

The loss of touch with home or college to a man out in the world is a serious matter. These early ties are the chief means of keeping the vision clear until such time as experience gives the true direction.

"If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
And treat those two impostors just the same;
* * * * * * * * *
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son."

The interest of the alumnus in his college is of vast benefit to himself, and so the New York Association feels distinctly the privilege it assumes when acting in the interest of Sewanee. Besides practical help, it indulges in day dreams of the future, when the old men will return to mingle with the undergraduates and renew their youth and get fresh courage to meet life's struggle joyously. They dream of vast reunions during the summer months with all the social, artistic and literary attractions at Sewanee, and foresee in the near future inter-Southern championship meets of golf and tennis. Even now rumors of a Sewanee Summer Club life are being circulated.

But to more immediate results: It has developed in the New York Association that the most practical and rapid way to advance the interests of Sewanee is by systematic and continuous effort. The plan the Association has pursued can be formulated under four distinct heads.

First, social, including frequent smokers with one or two dinners during the year, to which someone directly connected with the University is invited to be present to give us the latest gossip of the Mountain. It is an unwritten law that no discussion of finances occurs at any of our social meetings, and so these dinners are attended without fear of highway robbery; they are purely social gatherings to promote friendship and renew old ties. Perhaps the high-water mark reached by the Association in these later years

of growth and expansion was the dinner given during the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in New York in October, 1913. On that occasion over 200 of the leading churchmen, educators, men of affairs and Sewanee men sat down at Delmonico's as guests of the Association. There the message of Sewanee was carried to the Church and country at large, and the greetings of those men and the country were returned to Sewanee in cordial appreciation. The speakers were Bishop Gailor, George Wharton Pepper, Hudson Stuck, Huger Jervey, Bishop Woodcock, Dr. Hall and Channing Moore. It was a great event, the Association feels, in its own life and in that of Sewanee in this part of the country. Practical aid for the University is discussed outside of the social meetings and individually. The aim has been to have each Sewanee man in New York and vicinity join the New York Association, paying annual dues of $2.00. These dues go towards incidental expenses of dinners and smokers. Often at the end of the year a balance is in the treasury, which is voted to some purpose at Sewanee, as for example, last year $50 towards the support of the Summer Quarter, and this year $70 will be sent towards the football team's expenses. Besides these local dues, it is urged upon the Association to pay dues to the Central Association of $2.00, and over fifty per cent of our number have this year paid these dues. We in New York—and I think the same feeling is entertained by all the other local associations—consider these dues of very vital importance because they go towards maintaining the office of the Organizing Secretary, which means that a man is kept in the field continuously to stir up Sewanee interest, organize alumni associations and influence students in the direction of the University. It is hardly necessary to more than mention the fact when every man of business will recognize that a thing of this sort is essential to the success of all institutions or undertakings; every college in the country of any standing has an Alumni Secretary who is doing this work, and if our associations throughout the country do nothing more than respond liberally to the dues of the Central Association, they are aiding Sewanee in a most vital way.

Second, subscription to "The Purple" or "Sewanee Review" is asked for, as it is considered very important for alumni organizations to have constant intercommunication between themselves and the Mountain.

Third, is the getting of the men interested in influencing students to go to the University or to the Sewanee Military Academy. At the present time the New York Alumni district is represented by five students at Sewanee. We have already commenced our campaign for next September and are working upon half a dozen more.

Fourth, and last, is the actual raising of the sinews of war by the creation of an endowment fund under the control of the New York Endowment Committee. The New York Alumni resolved to raise their quota of the general endowment fund for Sewanee, the fund to remain separate and in the hands of the New York Association and the interest to be paid yearly to the University. This form of action was undertaken for two reasons: First, because it acted as a direct incentive to the New York Associa-

tion to subscribe to this fund and thus create interest and enthusiasm as the total figures grew. Second, the New York Association wished to fling a broadcast challenge to any other Sewanee association in the country to equal them and their subscriptions, thus establishing a friendly rivalry.

This fund was commenced in June, 1910.

Total amount of Endowment Fund to date (including Grace Wilkes Scholarship Fund)		$9,341.29
Science Hall Equipment Fund (C. M. Chapin, New York)	$ 2,500.00	
Total amount sent to Sewanee since 1909 for various purposes	4,271.00	
New York's contribution to Deficit Fund, 1913-14	2,350.00	
New York's contribution to Deficit Fund, 1914-15 (to date)	850.00	
New York Assn's contribution to Alumni Organizing Secretary Fund, 1913-14	940.00	
N. Y. Assn's contribution to Alumni Organizing Secretary Fund, 1914-15 (to date)	496.00	
	$11,407.00	$9,341.29

There have been 120 subscribers (56 of whom are annual subscribers) to this fund; 57 of them are alumni and 63 of them have become friends of the institution, many of whom had never heard of Sewanee until their attention was directed to her by the efforts of the New York Association. In the City of New York there are 80 members of the Association and 25 members in the vicinity of New York.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION—Robert Huse, President; Wm. J. Barney, First Vice-President; Chas. McD. Puckette, Secretary; E. P. Gaillard, Treasurer.

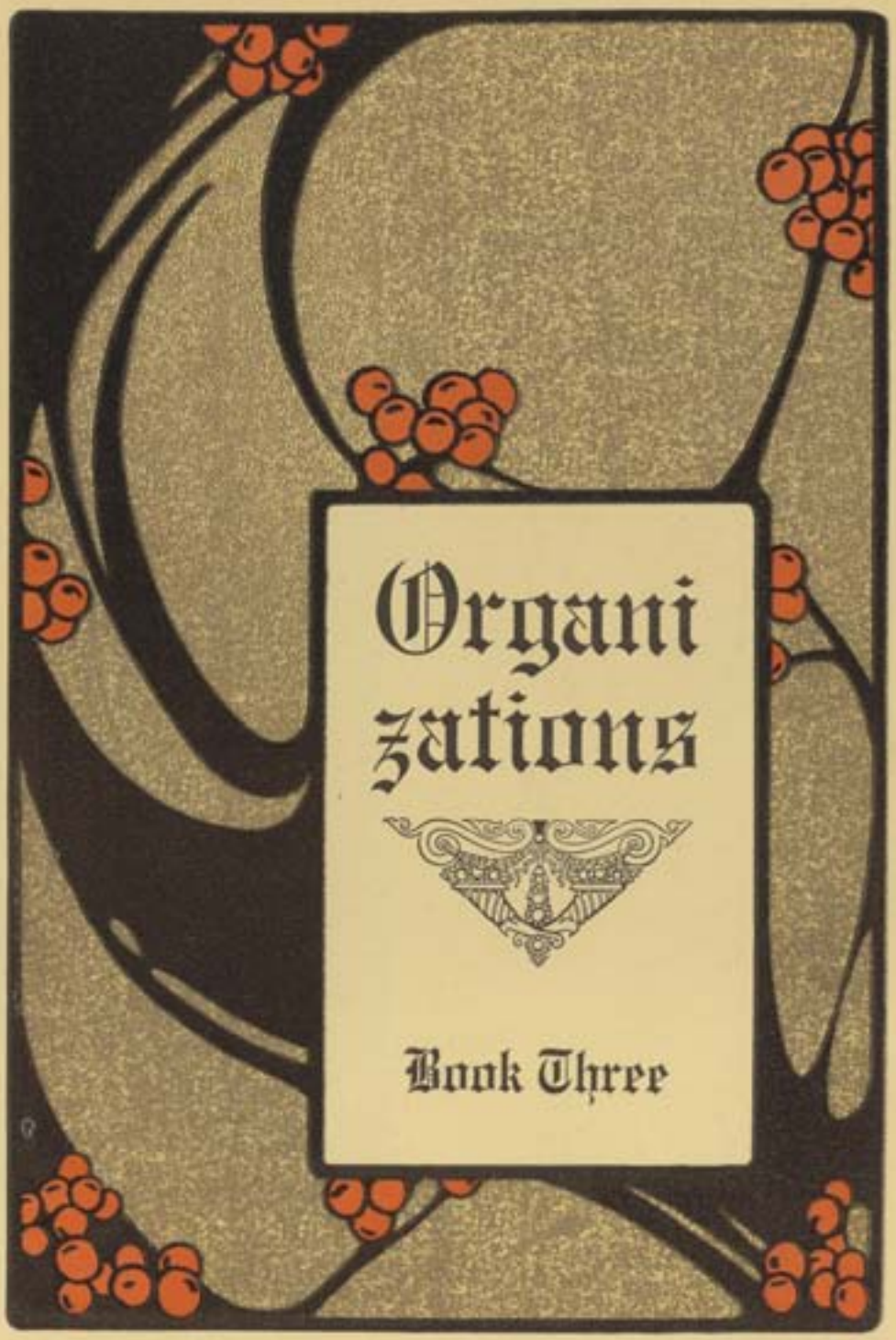
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE (composed of ex-Presidents of the Association)—John H. P. Hodgson, M.D., Chairman; Richard Ewell Brown, M.D., Robt. W. B. Elliott, Robt. S. Huse, T. Channing Moore.

ENDOWMENT COMMITTEE—Wm. M. Polk, M.D., R. W. B. Elliott, T. Channing Moore, John H. P. Hodgson, M.D., Rev. Wm. T. Manning, D.D.



MRS. F. M. PRESTON

The embodiment of sweet dignity and gentle womanliness. Never woman lived who was better fitted to fill a mother's place. Her very presence radiates an atmosphere of trust and confidence, and to her we instinctively come with all our trials and difficulties, always sure of helpful advice and heartfelt sympathy.


Organi
zations
Book Three

FRATERNITIES




ΔΨΙΧΟΝ



Alpha Tau Omega

TENNESSEE OMEGA CHAPTER

Founded 1879

In Facultate

Rt. Rev. Thomas Frank Gailor, S.T.D.
Bishop of Tennessee and Chancellor of the University

Rev. William Haskell DuBose, M.A.
William Boone Nauts, M.A.
Rev. H. L. G. Williams, B.Litt (Oxon)

In Urbe

Preston S. Brooks, Sr.
B. M. Brooks
Preston S. Brooks, Jr.

In Officio

Robert Lionel Colmore
Rev. Arthur Romeyn Gray

In Theologia

George Ossman

In Academia

W. R. Brewster
F. R. Ellerbe
J. O. Foreman
E. B. Harris
W. B. Hinman
F. R. Hodge
D. B. Lyman, Jr.
E. H. Martin
F. M. Morris
H. B. Morris
N. E. Paton
Wm. S. Ray
Wm. M. Reynolds
J. T. Schneider
J. M. Scott
A. H. Styron
H. C. Bethea
C. L. Ruth

Alpha Tau Omega Yell

Rah! Rah! Rega!
Alpha Tau Omega.
Hip Rah, Hip Rah,
Three cheers for Alpha Tau.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Calls For Special Prayer.

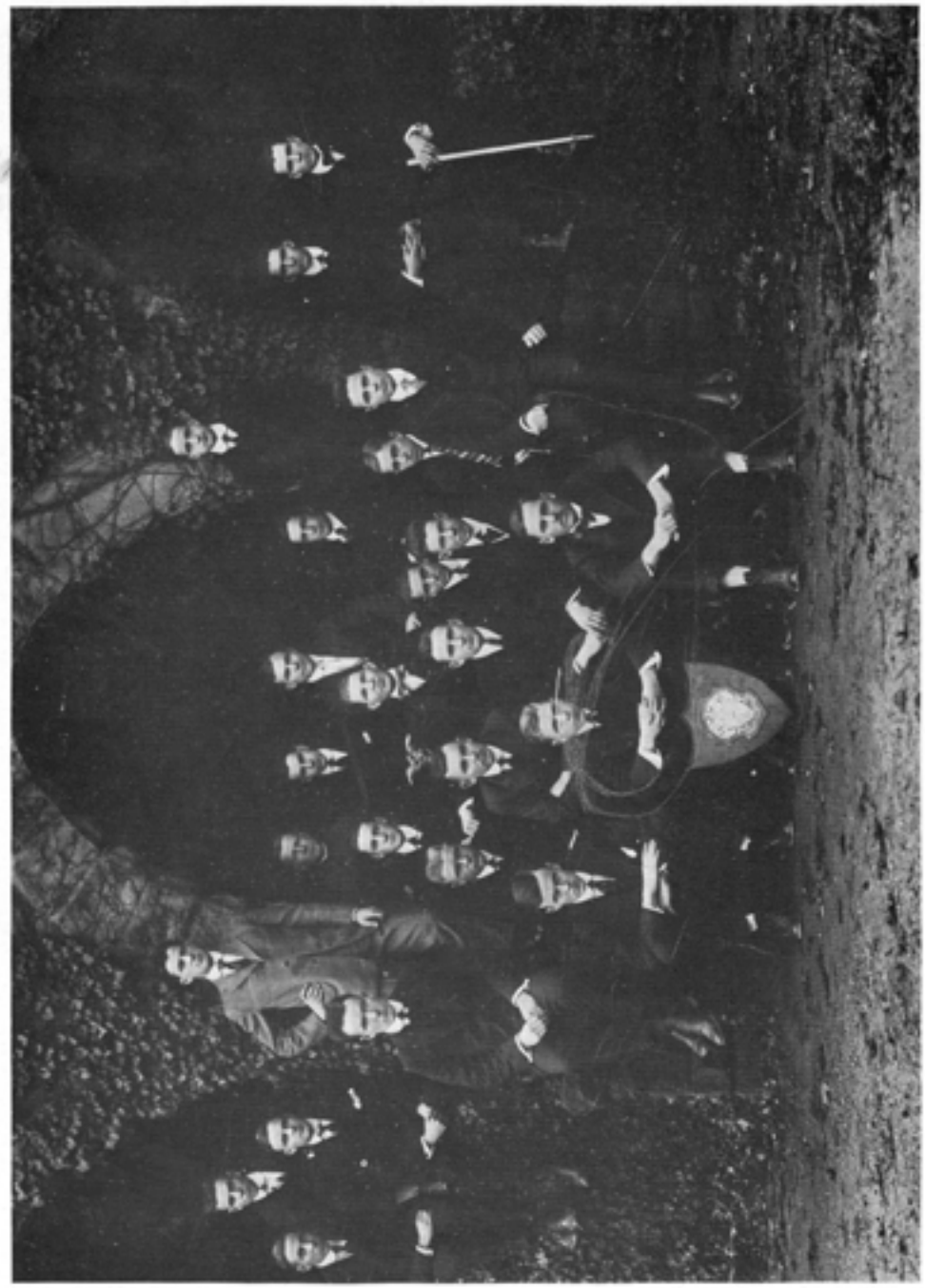
By Associated Press.

London, March 23.—The archbishop of Canterbury to-day issued the following:

"It is obvious that in these days of anxiety special prayers ought to be offered in all our churches on behalf of the army and the righteous cause for which we are fighting."

Washington, March 23.—Prayers for the troops of the United States and the allies were called for to-day by the Right Rev. Alfred Harding, Episcopal bishop of Washington, in a communication to the clergy throughout the diocese. Efforts are being made to have similar observance in Episcopal churches throughout the country.


ΣΙΓΜΑ ΑΛΦΑ ΕΨΙΛΟΝ



Sigma Alpha Epsilon

TENNESSEE OMEGA CHAPTER

Chapter Membership

In Facultate

John R. McClung, M.A.
Kenneth Lyne, B.C.E.

In Officio

R. M. Kirby-Smith, M.D.
C. M. Preston

In Theologia

I. H. Noe

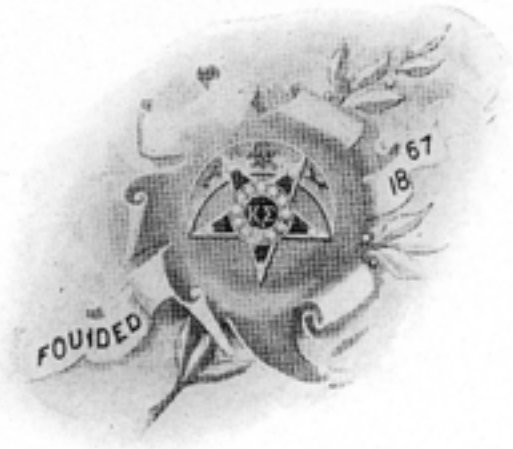
In Academia

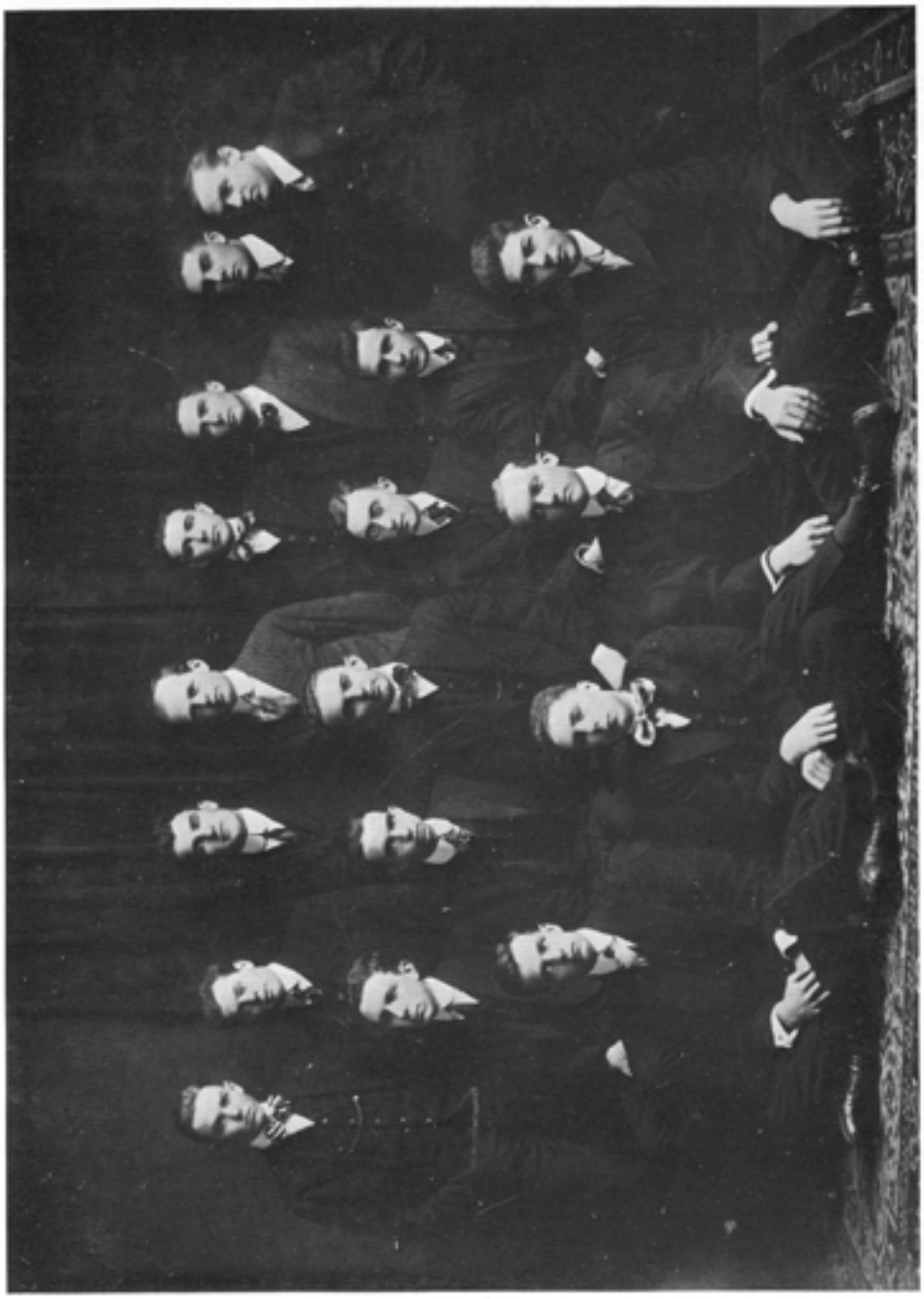
D. T. Barrow
W. E. Boyd
C. C. Chaffee, Jr.
H. E. Clark
P. C. Dinkins
W. E. Dupree
Rexal Goodman
H. B. Hinton
J. M. Holt
S. Kaye, Jr.
D. B. McIsaac
C. A. Palmer
W. W. W. Weatherly
Ray Palmer
R. S. Parker
J. Y. Perry
Stewart Phynizy, Jr.
J. S. Roulhac
A. H. Schumacher
C. G. Sellers
R. N. Shannon
C. L. Stoney
W. S. Stoney
Wm. Temple, Jr.
H. C. Woodall

Sigma Alpha Epsilon Yell

Phi Alpha, Alicazee,
Phi Alpha, Alicazon,
Sigma Alpha, Sigma Alpha, Sigma Alpha Epsilon,
Rah! Rah! Bon Ton,
Sigma Alpha Epsilon,
Rah! Rah! Bon Ton,
Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Ru-rah! Ru-rah!
Ru-Rah Ree!
Tennessee Omega
S. A. E.


FOUIDED
67
18



Omega Chapter of Kappa Sigma Fraternity

Established 1881

IN FACULTATE

J. N. WARE, M.A.

IN OFFICIO

A. L. LEAR, M.D.

IN THEOLOGIA

WILLIS PIEMONT GERHART, B.A.

ROBERT NELSON MACCALLUM

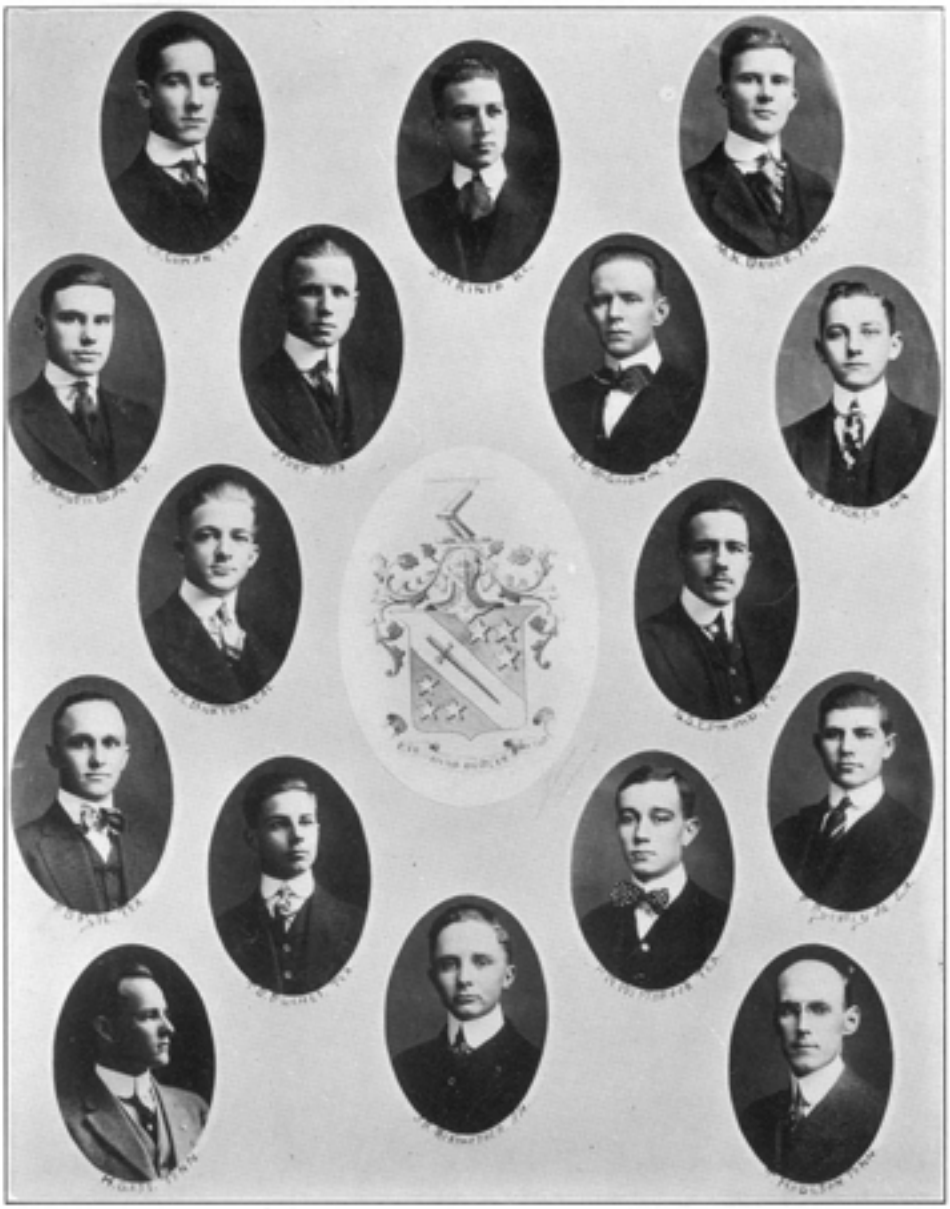
IN ACADEMIA

DAVID CHRISTOPHER ARNOLD
EDWIN TURNER BOWDEN
HORACE BURT CLARKE
FRANCIS WADSWORTH CLARKE
JOSEPH SKINNER GANTT
HERSCHEL BAIN HOYE
HERBERT LESLIE MANTZ
JAMES EDWARD MCCORMICK
HENRY WYNNE PEARCE
THOMAS DANIEL ROBERTS
BENJAMIN RISHER SLEEPER
ROBERT COULTER WALKER
FRANK LYNWOOD WREN

Kappa Sigma Yell

H-o-o-o Rah! H-o-o-o Rah! H-o-o-o Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Crescent and the Star
Vive la Vive la
Kappa Sigm-a-a-a.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Crescent and the Star
Vive la Vive la
Kappa Sigm-a-a-a.


εἷς ἀνήρ οὐδεὶς ἀνήρ



Tennessee Beta of Phi Delta Theta Fraternity

Established 1883

Chapter Membership

Fratres in Officio

Telfair Hodgson, M.A.
Henry Markley Gass, B.A. (Ohio)

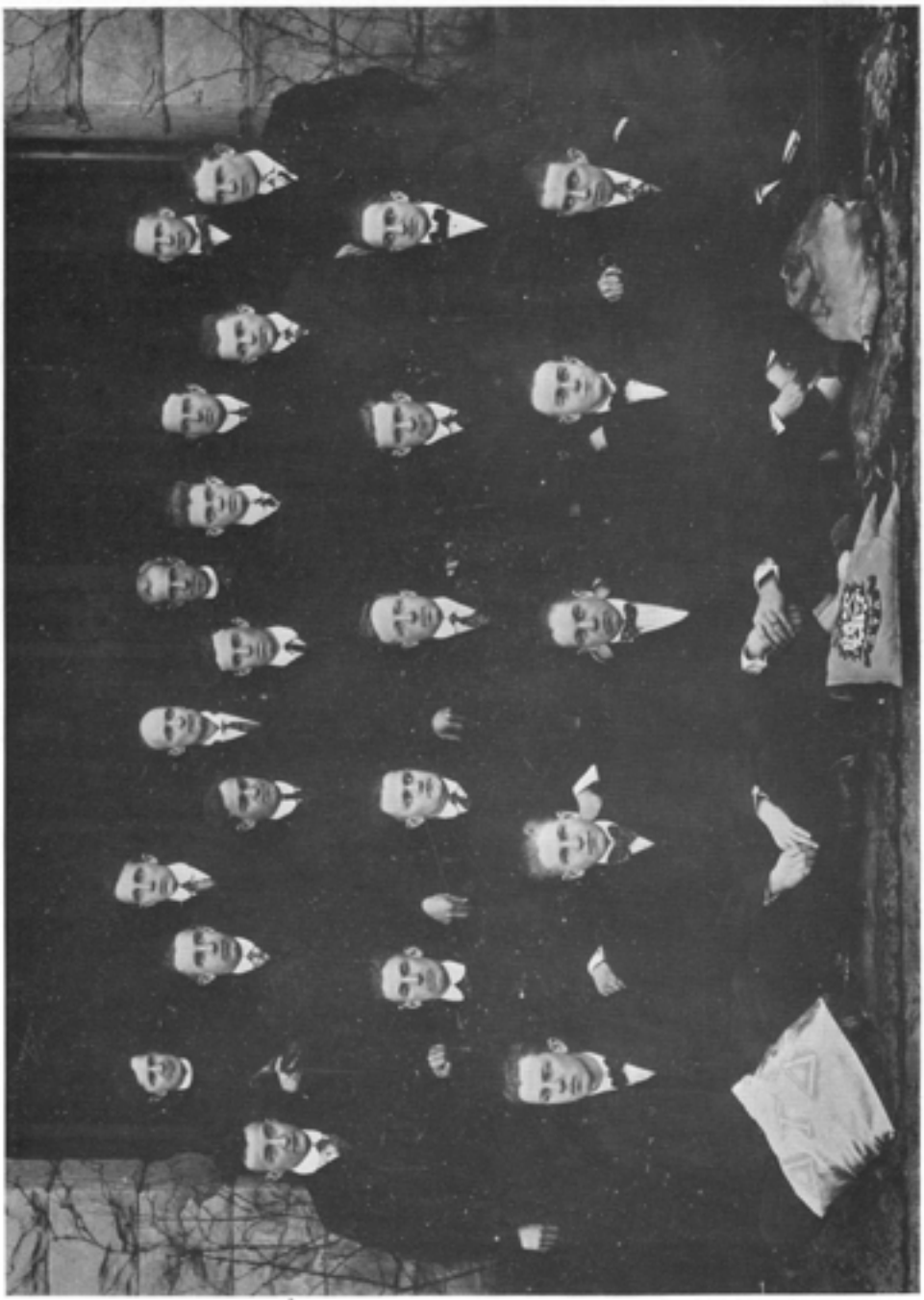
In Academia

Merlin Knox Bruce
Theodore Otto Buchel
Herold Cook Burton
Frank Byerley, Jr.
Albert Brown Cowan, Jr.
Neil Smith Edmond
Walter Vinson Fort
William Deloraine Mayfield
Robert Lee McGoodwin
John Bestor Meriwether
Forest Barnett Pyle
Dan Harold Riner
Hiram Whittington Westbrook

Phi Delta Theta Yell

Eis aner, eis aner,
Oudeis, Oudeis, Oudeis aner,
Eurika, Phi! Kei! Ya!
Phi Delta Theta,
Rah! Rah! Rah!





Beta Theta Chapter of Delta Tau Delta Fraternity

Chapter Membership

In Facultate

Rev. Arthur Howard Noll, LL.D.
Colin MacKenzie Mackall, B.A., B.S., M.A.
*Fayette Clay Ewing, Jr., C.E.
John B. Cannon, LL.B.

In Theologia

Lawrence William Faucett
Clarence Hermann Horner
Newton Middleton
Basil Manly Walton

In Officio

Rev. Frank A. Juhan
Rev. Charles T. Wright
Leon D. Kirby

In Academia

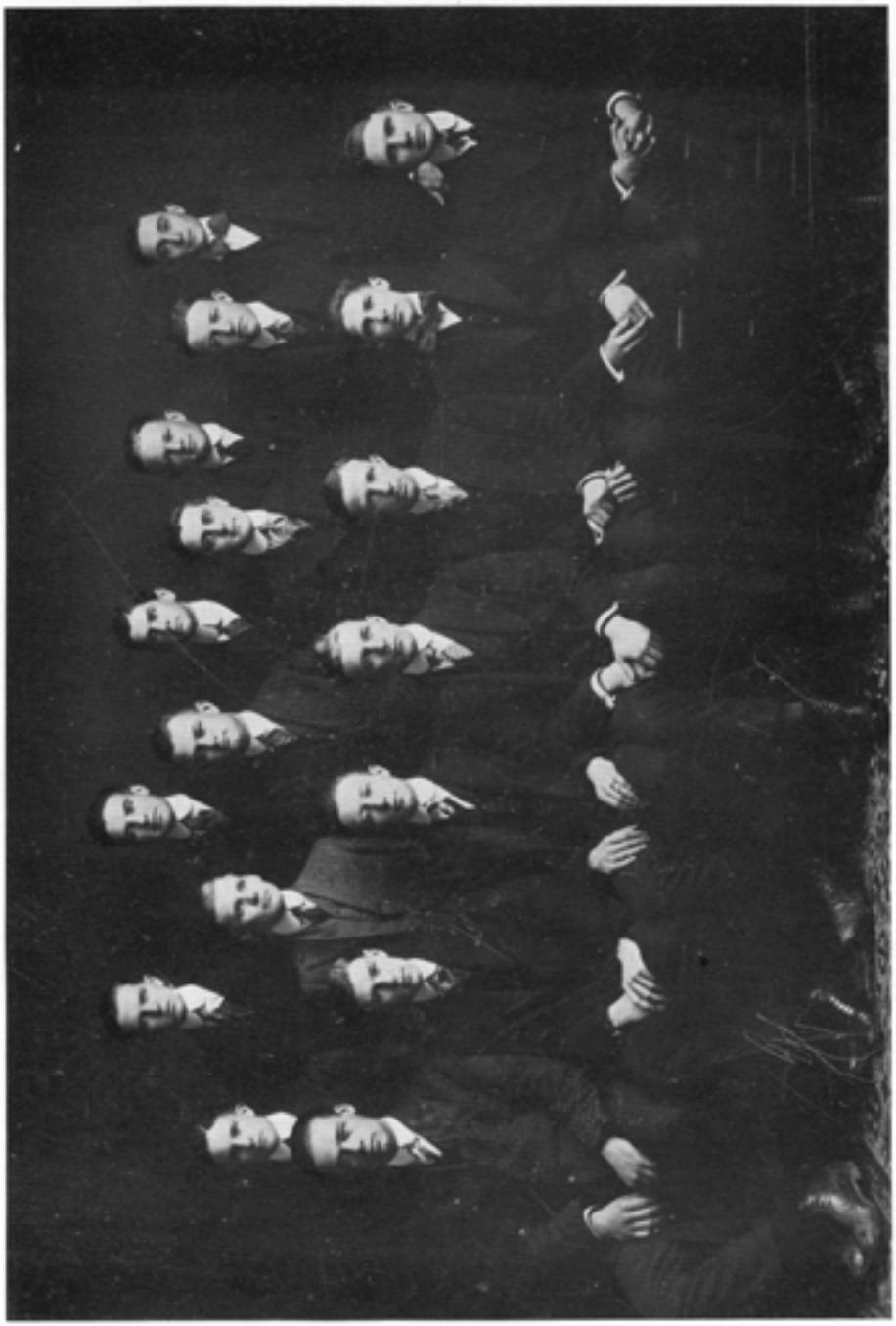
Troy Beatty, Jr.
John Caldwell Bennett, Jr.
Paul Delafield Bowden
Hobert Lincoln Crudgington
Bob Taylor Dobbins
George Granger Farrow
William Dudley Gale
Robert Sherrill Griffith
William Clement Hammond
Loe Bryan Harr
* William Groom Leftwich
Harry McFatter McCuistion
Joseph Raymond Murphy
Charles Nelson
John Wesley Russey, Jr.
Rogers Bethune Tullis

*Died Nov. 28, 1914

Delta Tau Delta Yell

Whoop la! Whoop la! Whoop la! Ree!
Heap Big Chapter D. T. D.
Delta Tau! Delta Tau!
Every Delta loves his squaw;
Tomahawk and much papoose—
Heap big Injun done broke loose!
Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!


DIEU
ET LES
DAMES



Alpha Alpha Chapter Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Chapter Membership

In Officio

E. P. Conquest
J. N. Dalton
J. N. Richards

In Theologia

John M. Nelson
Horatio Nelson Tragitt, Jr., B.A.

In Academia

Emmett Horne Baker
Percy Lee Bell
James Henry Cochran
George Lake Inge
Ashby Minor James
James Morgan Johnston
Richard Olney Moss
Gilbert McWilliams Orr
William Evans Rowe
John Harry Rucker
Norman Charles Schlemmer
Lynn Charles Talley
Robert Lee Tolley
Leander Niles Trammel
Eben Alexander Wortham

Kappa Alpha Yell

Hi! Rickity! Hoop! To! Ray!
What's the matter with old K. A.!
Vive la! Vive la! Vive la! Ray!
Kappa Alpha
Rah! Ree! Ray!

BENEDICT
CANNON
COPE
CRAVENS
DALTON
DINKINS
DOBBINS
GASS
HODGSON
HULLIHEN
JUHAN
KIRBY-SMITH
LYNE
MACKALL
MACCALLUM
MCGOODWIN
PARKER
RUSSEY
SCHLEMMER
SHEPHERD
SMITH
TOLLEY
WALKER



PROF. R. M. WENLEY,
Ph.D., D.C.L.
University of Michigan



JOHN HOWE PEYTON
President N. C. & St. L. Ry.



PRES. G. H. DENNY,
LL.D., D.C.L.
University of Alabama

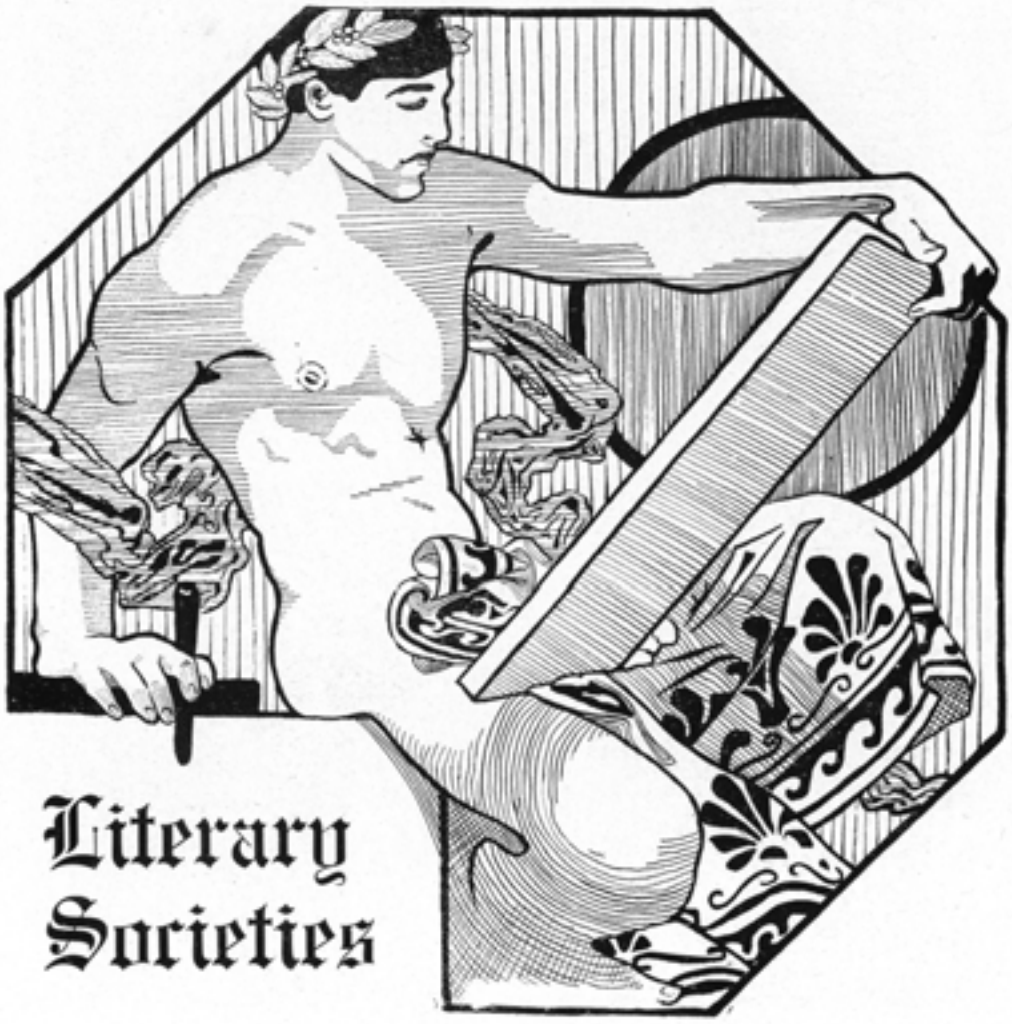


URIEL SEBREE
Rear-Admiral U. S. N. (Retired 1910)

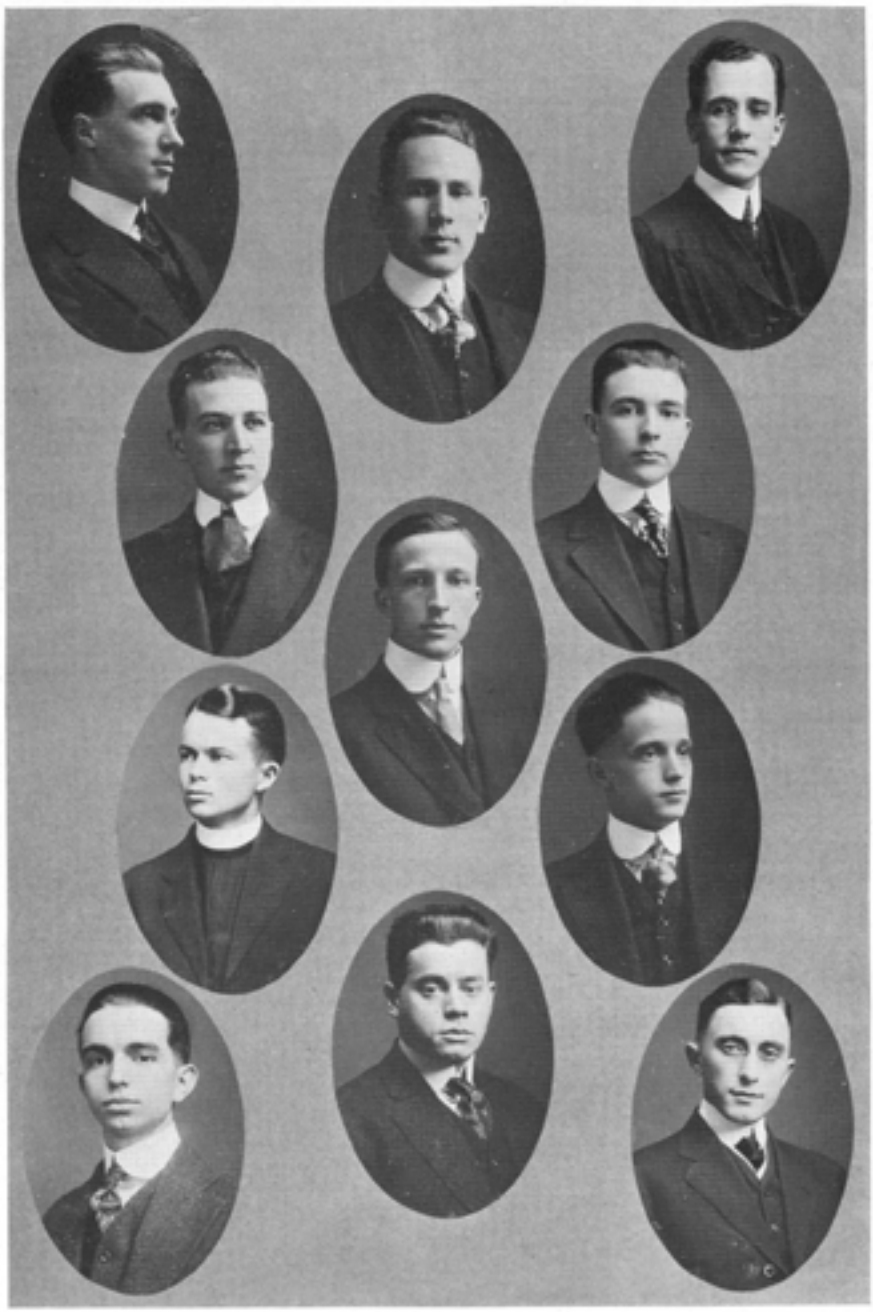


REV. Z. B. T. PHILLIPS
Rector St. Peter's Church, St. Louis

A FEW PROMINENT MEN WHO HAVE MET US DURING THE PAST YEAR



Literary Societies





Sopherim Chapter of Sigma Upsilon

Members

Dinkins
Gerhart
Luedeking
McCallum
Ottman
Riner
Russey
Sleeper
Smith
Walker
Tracitt (Secretary)

Honorary Members

Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott
J. N. McBryde, Jr., Ph.D.
Rev. H. L. J. Williams, B.A. (Oxon)
H. M. Gass, B.A. (Oxon)
Rev. F. A. Juhan, B.A.

Sopherim is the parent chapter of Sigma Upsilon, a national literary fraternity. It was organized in August, 1903, at Sewanee. The fraternity now boasts of nine chapters.
The list of chapters follows:

Sopherim..... Sewanee
Calumet..... Vanderbilt
Senior Round Table.....Georgia
Osiris..... Randolph-Macon
Odd Number Club.....North Carolina
Scribblers..... Mississippi
Boar's Head.....Transylvania
Kit-Kat Millsaps
The English Club.....Texas



Sewanee Literary Society

Officers

G. M. Orr *President*

W. M. Reynolds *Vice-President*

A. W. L. Forsythe *Secretary*

C. L. Stoney *Treasurer*

G. T. Chapman, Jr. *Sargeant-at-Arms*

T. D. Roberts *Critic*



Members

E. M. Bearden
J. C. Bennett, Jr.
C. R. Barnes
C. O. Brown, Jr.
John Chipman, Jr.
H. B. Clarke
G. T. Chapman, Jr.
A. W. L. Forsythe
J. S. Gantt
C. L. B. Gamsby
H. C. Gronert
W. D. Gale III
R. S. Griffith
W. M. Glover
R. F. Hodge
L. B. Harr
Jerome Harris
E. B. Harris
W. B. Hinman
G. C. Harbison
G. L. Inge
Samuel Kaye
H. F. Keller
W. G. Leftwich
F. M. Morris
H. B. Morris
J. E. McCormick
F. H. McLeod, Jr.
J. M. Nelson
I. H. Noe
J. Y. Perry
G. M. Orr
W. S. Ray
T. B. Roddy, Jr.
T. D. Roberts
J. S. Roulhac
J. T. Schneider
C. E. Senning
C. L. Stoney
W. S. Stoney
R. L. Tolley
C. E. Trousdale
R. B. Tullis
E. E. Wilbur
G. C. G. Wagner
J. R. Walker
W. W. W. Weatherly



ΧΕΛΙΔΩΝ

Founded 1884

W. W. Miller *Secretary*

Faculty Members

C. K. Benedict, D.D.

W. H. Dubose, M.A.

H. M. Gass, B.A.

Telfair Hodgson, M.A.

K. M. Lyne, B.C.E.

J. N. Ware, M.A.

Active Members

C. C. Luedeking

W. J. McConnell

W. W. Miller

J. M. Nelson

D. R. Ottmann

H. N. Tragitt, Jr., B.A.



PHRADIAN

E. T. Bowden *Secretary*

Faculty Members

J. B. Cannon, LL.B.
W. H. Hullihen, Ph.D.
R. I. Raymond, B.S., M.A.
G. N. Townshend, B.A., M.A., (Oxon)
H. L. J. Williams, B.A., M.A. (Oxon)

Active Members

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F. W. Clarke
P. C. Dinkins
W. P. Gerhart
R. N. MacCallum
W. M. Reynolds
J. W. Russey
H. C. Smith, B.A.
R. C. Walker
B. M. Walton
F. L. Wren



NEOGRAPH

MEMBERS

ORR, *President*

D. C. ARNOLD

P. M. ARNOLD

BAKER

ELLERBE

FORSYTHE

GALE

HAMMOND

LYMAN

ROBERTS

SHANNON

WESTBROOK

WOODALL

The Historic Flag at Sewanee



USPENDED from the south clere-story walls of All Saints (University) Chapel is a silk flag, so faded and tattered that it is not at once recognized by visitors as the national banner, and prompting frequent inquiries as to what it is and why it should be there. It is a flag with a history, and is one of the University's most treasured relics. It was made by ladies in Philadelphia, the city in which the first "stars and stripes" were made by Betsy Ross. The number of the stars on the once blue field indicates that it was at a time when there were but thirty-one states in the Union; and the time is otherwise approximately fixed by the fact that a staff was cut for it near the grave of Washington at Mount Vernon, by President Millard Fillmore, whose term extended from 1850 to 1853, and that this flag with its staff was presented by General Winfield Scott to Mr. Lucius C. Duncan, of New Orleans. By this gentleman, who was in the diplomatic or consular service, the flag was taken upon a journey to the Levant, and in the course of this journey was unfurled on some of the historic battlefields of England, upon the Baltic Sea, "upon all the memorable battlefields of Greece, upon the Pyramids and ruined temples of Egypt, on lonely Sinai and Horeb and Hor, upon the banks of the Jordan and in Jerusalem."

Thus "crowded with historic associations" it came into the possession of Herman Cope Duncan, now the venerable Dr. Duncan, of Louisiana. Young Duncan was present with his flag at the Fourth of July celebration on Lookout Mountain in 1857, when the University of the South was organized. His flag was carried at the head of the procession on that occasion by Mr. Rezin Rawlins, a Revolutionary veteran, and to young Duncan was assigned a place of honor at his side. It was under this national emblem that the University of the South was organized. In the "Narrative" of the Organization it is related that this flag "hung idly from its staff" back of the orator, Bishop Otey, as he was speaking, until he "began to speak of our country, and the love all good mean bear it, a breeze came to stir the stars and stripes; and still as he proceeded to denounce the thought that we would come with holy words upon our lips to plot mischief against our brethren, the flag waved more proudly than before, seeking the person of the speaker and causing his words to come as it were from the midst of its folds."

Both flag and staff were formally presented to the University by the venerable Dr. Duncan in 1885. They were loaned to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis, in 1903. They were reverently borne at the head of the procession from St. Augustine's Chapel, to the site of the old cornerstone of the University buildings, at the semi-centennial celebration of the University in 1907. The staff is preserved in another of the University buildings, but the flag, carefully protected by "net" from further disintegration, was appropriately placed where it may now be seen in All Saints Chapel, in 1911.

COMMON ROOMS



PROFESSOR'S



SAINT LUKE'S



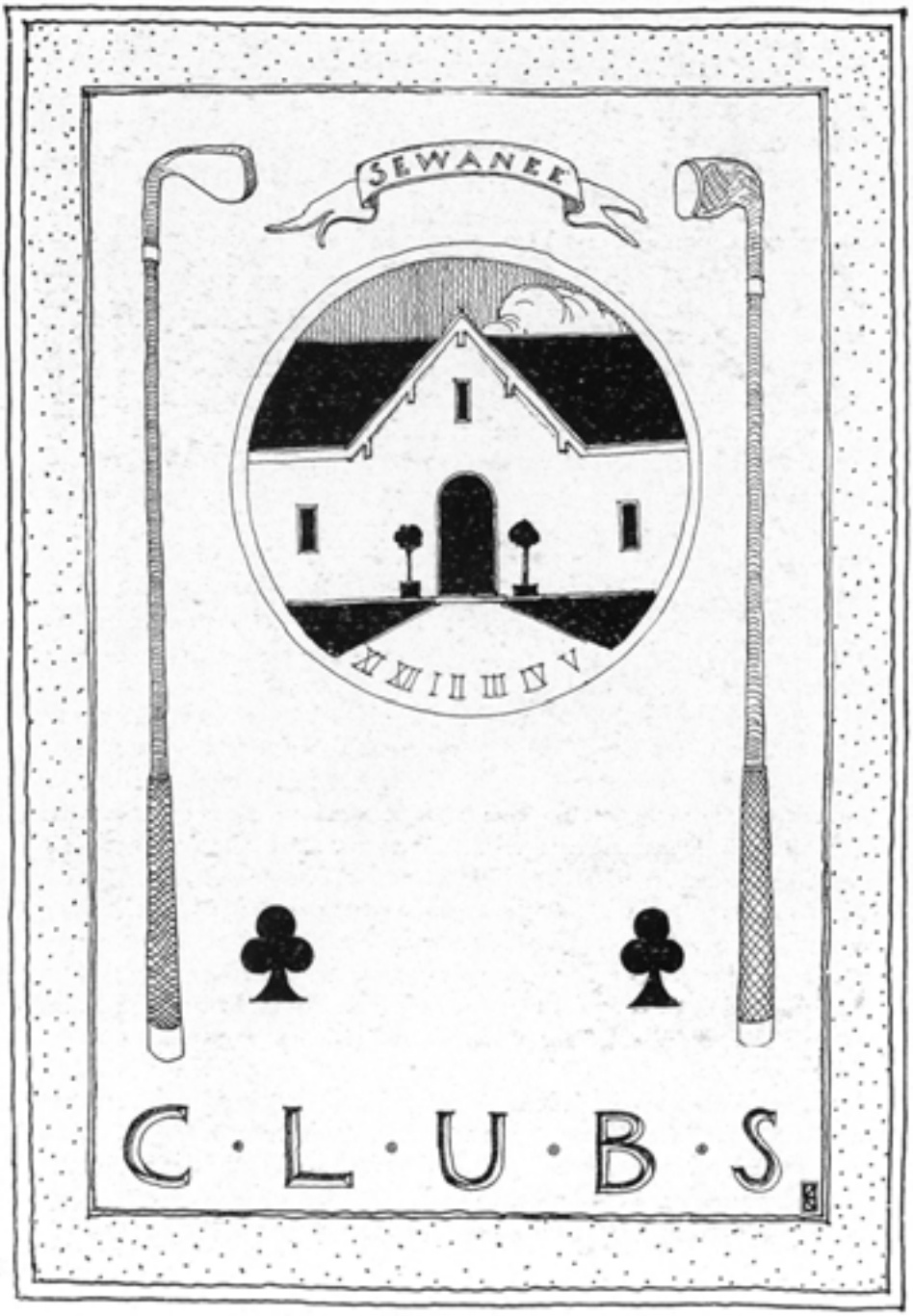
HOFFMAN

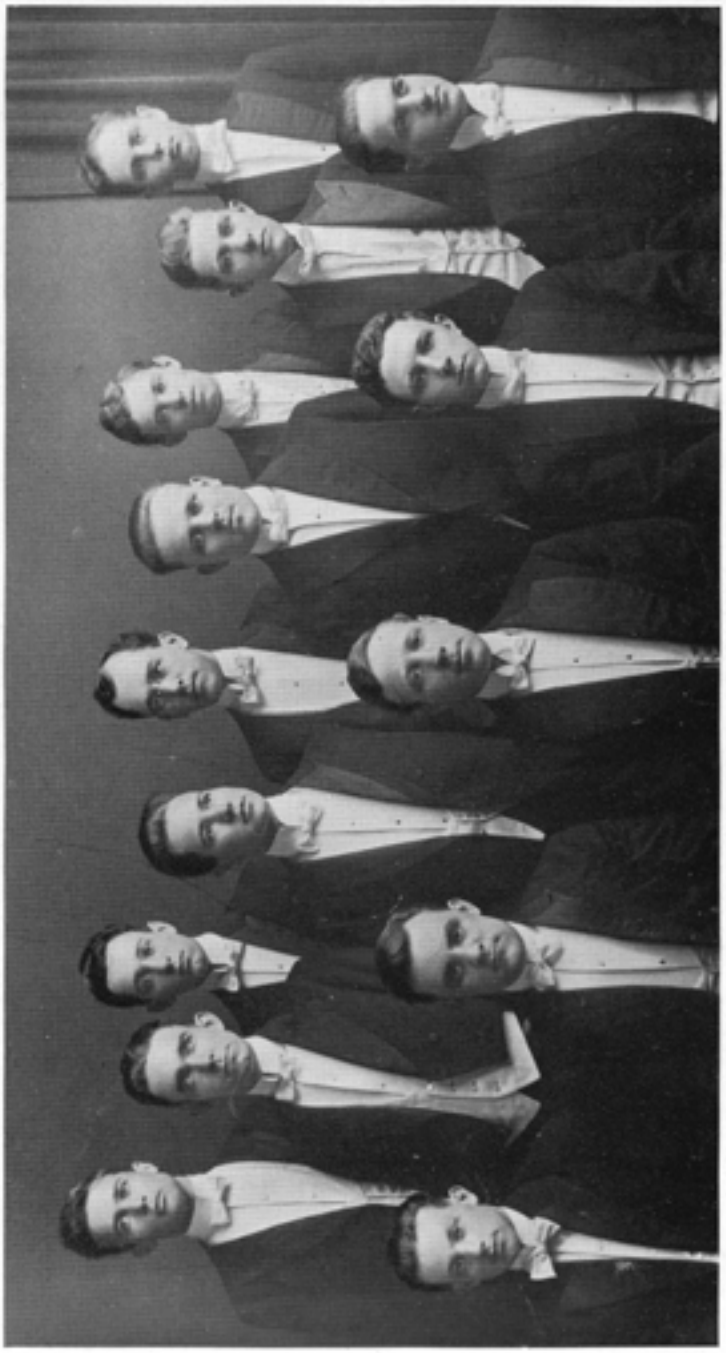


MAGNOLIA



PALMETTO


SEWANEE
C·L·U·B·S



PRESIDENT'S ANSWER TO GERMAN PEACE PROPOSAL

Washington, Oct. 15.—The text of the President's answer to the German note follows:

Sir: In reply to the communication of the German government, dated the 12th instant, which you handed me today, I have the honor to request you to transmit the following answer:

The unqualified acceptance by the present German government and by a large maority of the Reichstag of the terms laid down by the President of the United States of America in his address to the congress of the United States on the 8th of January, 1918, and in his subsequent addresses justifies the President in making a frank and direct statement of his decision with regard to the communications of the German government of the 8th and 12th of October, 1918.

It must be clearly understood that the process of evacuation and the conditions of an armistice are matters which must be left to the judgment and advice of the military advisers of the government of the United States and the allied governments, and the President feels it his duty to say that no arrangement can be accepted by the government of the United States which does not provide absolute satisfactory safeguards and guarantees of the maintenance of the present military supremacy of the armies of the United States and the allies in the field.

He feels confident that he can safely assume that this will also be the judgment and decision of the allied governments.

The President feels that it is also his duty to add that neither the government of the United States nor, he is quite sure, the governments with which the government of the United States is associated as a belligerent will consider an armistice so long as the armed forces of Germany continue the illegal and inhumane practices which they still persist in.

At the very time that the German government approaches the government of the United States with proposals of peace its submarines are engaged in sinking passenger ships at sea, and not the ships alone, but the very boats in which their passengers and crews seek to make their way to safety; and in their present enforced withdrawal from Flanders and France the German armies are pursuing a course of wanton destruction which has always been regarded as in direct violation of the rules and practices of civilized warfare. Cities and villages, if not destroyed, are being stripped of all they contain, not only, but often, of their very inhabitants. The nations associated against Germany cannot be expected to agree to a cessation of arms while acts of inhumanity, spoliation and desolation are being continued which they justly look upon with horror and with burning hearts.

It is necessary, also, in order that there may be no possibility of misunderstanding, that the President should very solemnly call the attention of the government of Germany to the language and plain intent of one of the terms of peace which the German government has now accepted. It is contained in the address of the President delivered at Mount Vernon on the Fourth of July last.

It is as follows:

"The destruction of every arbitrary power anywhere that can separately, secretly and of its single choice, disturb the peace of the world; or, if it cannot be presently destroyed, at least its reduction to vital impotence."

The power which has hitherto controlled the German nation is of the sort here described. It is within the choice of the German nation to alter it. The President's words just quoted naturally constitute a condition precedent to peace, if peace is to come by the action of the German people themselves. The President feels bound to say that the whole process of peace will, in his judgment, depend upon the definiteness and the satisfactory character of the guarantees which can be given in this fundamental matter. It is indispensable that the governments associated against Germany should know beyond a peradventure with whom they are dealing.

The President will make a separate reply to the royal and imperial government of Austria-Hungary.

Accept, sir, the renewed assurances of my high consideration.

(Signed)

ROBERT LANSING,
FREDERICK ODERLIN,
Charge D'Affaires, ad Interim, in Charge of German Interests in the United States.

GLEE CLUB

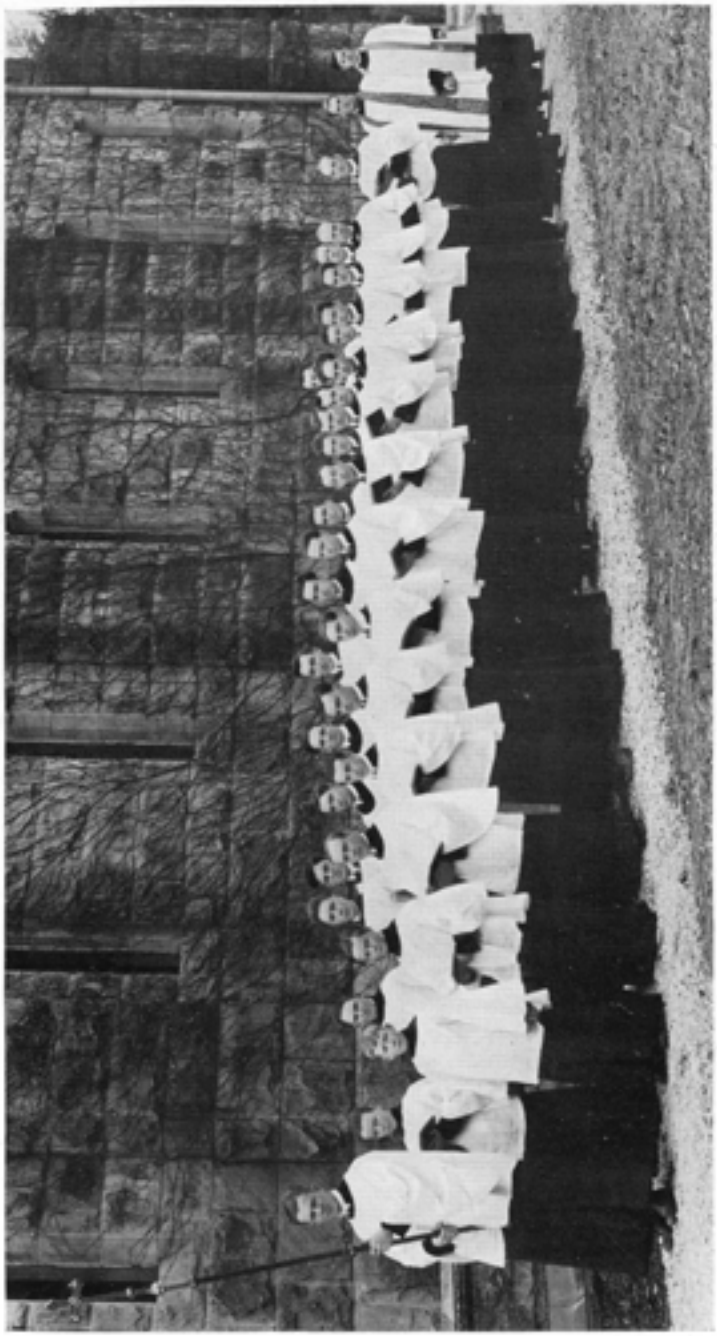


Officers

Newton Middleton	*Director*
F. W. Clarke	*Manager*
H. B. Morris	*Accompanist*

Members

P. M. Arnold	Jerome Harris
E. M. Bearden	H. B. Hinton
P. D. Bowden	R. F. Hodge
F. W. Clarke	Newton Middleton
L. W. Faucett	H. B. Morris
J. S. Gantt	D. R. Ottmann
M. W. Glover, Jr.	P. C. Turner



Choir



Reverend John B. Cannon *Chaplain*

Reverend Frank A. Juhan . *Chaplain S. M. A.*

Newton Middleton *Choir Director*

Francis W. Clarke *Organist*

Bethune Tullis *Crucifer*

Choir Roll

Tucker
A. F. Stuntz
A. J. Stuntz
Wheeler
H. B. Clark
McConnell
W. Stoney
Fields
Hodge
Chapman
J. Harris
Wilbur
Barnes
Bearden
Ruth
Gantt
F. M. Morris
Arnold
J. Walker
Ottmann
Hinton
Fisher
Glover
P. Bowden
Ossman
Curry



L. W. Faucett



Miss Geraldine McDowell



F. W. Clarke

The Sewanee Players

Summer of 1914

L. W. Faucett and Francis Clarke, *Managers* Samuel Sharpe *Director*

The following plays were given:

The Butterflies—By Henry Guy Carleton

Hiram Green.....Mr. Samuel Harpe
Barrington Green, his son....Mr. Joe Murphy
Suzanne Green, his daughter..Miss Anne Guerry
Mrs. Stuart-Dodge..Mrs. R. M. Kirby-Smith
Miriam, her daughter..Miss Juliet McKellar
Mrs. Ossian.....Mrs. Craik Morris
Fred Ossian, her son..Mr. Lawrence Faucett
Andrew Strong.....Mr. Francis W. Clarke
Nathaniel Bilser.....Mr. Donald Ottmann
Coddle, butler.....Mr. Ellis Bearden

Presented August 14th

The Privy Council
By Drury and Price

Samuel Pepys
Mr. Samuel Sharpe
Sir William Killigrew
Mr. D. R. Ottman
Sir Christopher Muigs
Mr. L. W. Faucett
Mistress Pepys
Mrs. Rivers
Mercer
Miss Anne Guerry
Mary
Miss Clifton Roberts
Mistress Knipp, of the King's Playhouse
Miss Geraldine McDowell

Presented July 24th



Miss Anne Guerry

The Romancers
By Edmond Rostand

Bergamin
Mr. Samuel Sharpe

Percinet, his son
Mr. Francis W. Clarke

Pasquinot
Mr. Ellis Bearden

Sylvette, his daughter
Miss Anne Guerry

Straforel, master swordsman
Mr. Lawrence Faucett

Blaise, gardner
Mr. Henry Bethea

Presented September 3d



Punch and Judy

PUNCH AND JUDY is a Dramatic Society composed of men, who, under the direction of the Summer Players, English Department, or some Club, have shown excellence in dramatic work and have been chosen by the society for membership. The Society was organized by the Reverend Arthur R. Gray who is its life President. The annual play will be presented by the Society probably in April.

Officers

Rev. Arthur Romeyn Gray *President*
Lawrence W. Faucett *Vice-President*
Francis W. Clarke *Manager*

Members

Newton Middleton
Lawrence W. Faucett
Donald Ottmann
Ancel Curry
Willis P. Gerhart
Ellis M. Bearden
Francis W. Clarke
Robert N. MacCallum
Henry Smith
George Ossman
William R. Reynolds

Honorary Members

Rev. Arthur R. Gray
Prof. George Townshend
Dr. J. M. McBryde
Mr. Samuel Sharpe
Miss Sarah Barnwell Elliott



FORTNIGHTLY CLUB

OFFICERS

MRS. WALTER HULLIHEN *President*
MRS. R. M. KIRBY-SMITH *Vice-President*
MRS. C. T. WRIGHT *Secretary and Treasurer*

MEMBERS

MRS. S. G. ATKINSON
MRS. G. M. BAKER
MRS. C. K. BENEDICT
MRS. DU VAL G. CRAVENS
MRS. PERCY CUNNINGHAM
MISS MAY DUBOSE
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MRS. W. H. DUBOSE
MRS. J. C. FAIRFAX
MISS LOUISE FINLEY
MRS. F. A. JUHAN
MRS. J. R. MCCLUNG
MRS. J. M. MCBRYDE
MRS. NEWTON MIDDLETON
MRS. W. B. NAUTS
MRS. R. I. RAYMOND
MRS. D. C. ROYALL
MRS. S. L. WARE
MRS. H. A. WEST
MRS. JEWETT WILLIAMS



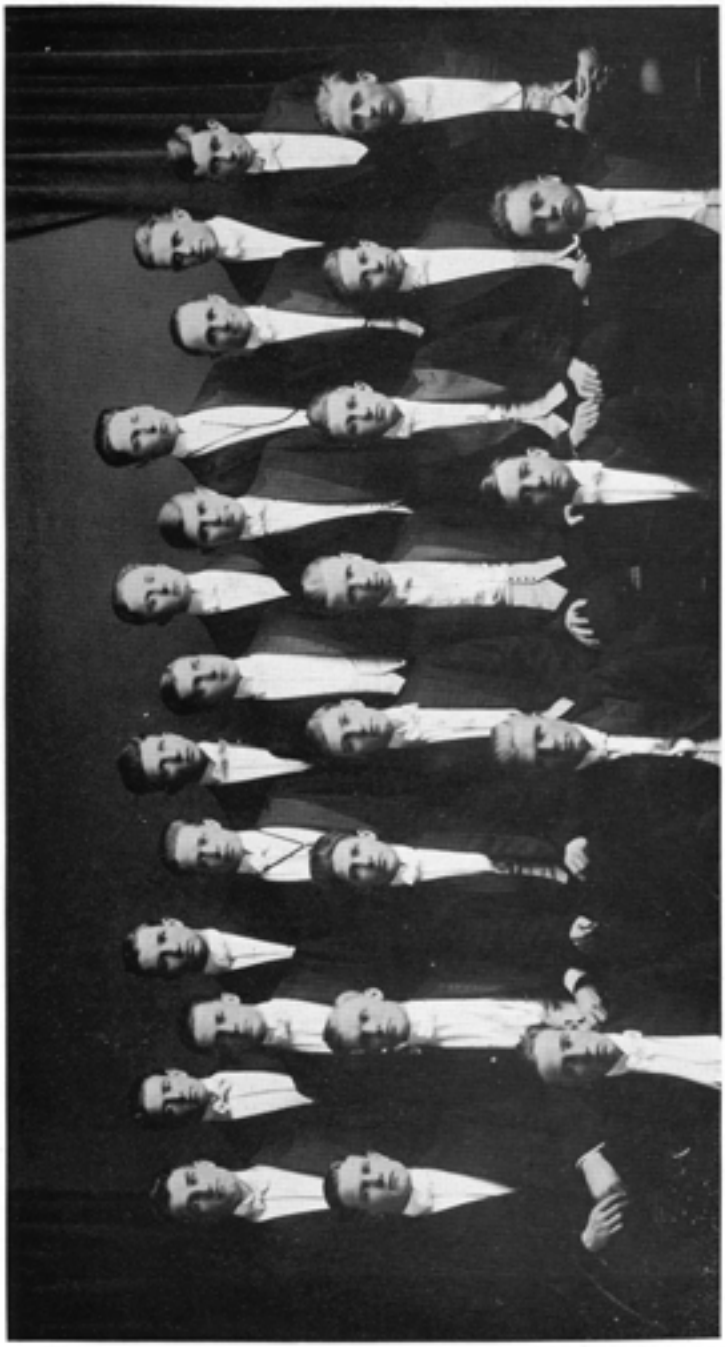
Senior German Club

Officers

N. C. Schlemmer *President*
R. C. Walker *Vice-President*
Charles Nelson *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

E. T. Bowden
P. C. Dinkins
L. W. Faucett
W. P. Gerhart
Jerome Harris
R. N. MacCallum
Charles Nelson
George Ossman
D. R. Ottman
W. M. Reynolds
N. C. Schlemmer
H. C. Smith
H. N. Tragitt, Jr.
R. L. Tolley
R. C. Walker
F. L. Wrenn



Junior German Club

Officers

G. M. Orr *President*
W. W. Weatherley *Vice-President*
E. H. Baker *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

D. C. Arnold
P. M. Arnold
E. H. Baker
J. C. Bennett, Jr.
W. R. Brewster
T. O. Buchel
Frank Byerley, Jr.
A. B. Cowan, Jr.
F. R. Ellerbe
W. V. Fort
L. B. Harr
Stewart Phynizy, Jr.
Ray Palmer
J. B. Meriwether
G. M. Orr
H. W. Pearce
J. Y. Perry
F. B. Pyle
W. S. Ray
J. S. Roulhac
W. E. Rowe
J. T. Schneider
A. H. Schumacher
J. M. Scott
C. G. Sellers
C. L. Ruth, Jr.
C. L. B. Gamsby
E. L. Jones
J. M. Johnston
Samuel Kaye, Jr.
W. G. Leftwich
E. H. Martin
W. D. Mayfield
J. R. Murphy
J. E. McCormick
F. H. McLeod, Jr.
J. M. Nelson
R. N. Shannon
B. R. Sleeper
C. L. Stoney
W. L. Stoney
R. B. Tullis
P. C. Turner
L. N. Trammell
W. W. Weatherly
H. W. Westbrook
H. C. Woodall
E. A. Wortham

eQ16





OFFICERS

MRS. W. H. DUBOSE	*President*
MRS. WALTER HULLIHEN	*First Vice-President*
MRS. RENE KIRBY-SMITH	*Second Vice-President*
MRS. W. B. NAUTS	*Third Vice-President*
MRS. S. L. WARE	*Secretary*
MRS. ROBERT HOLLAND	*Treasurer*

ACHIEVEMENT 1908-1914

Contributed $400.00 for permanent improvements on University campus.

Contributed $450.00 toward perfecting University water supply and sanitation of University domain.

Contributed $250.00 for public school work.

Contributed $150.00 annually towards upkeep of University grounds and other civic improvements.

Cleaned up and improved principal views near Sewanee and the roads leading to them.

Provided lectures and exhibits, and worked among negroes in anti-tuberculosis campaign.

Entertained Tennessee Federation of Women's Clubs in 1912.

Weekly cleaning up of paper and trash on principal street in village and in University enclosure.

Keeps cemetery in order.

Operates a tea room.



S. M. A. Club

Officers

Burton *President*
C. A. Palmer *Vice-President*
Fort *Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

Baker
Barrow
Bell
Bethea
Buchel
Burton
Byerley
Cochran
Fort
Gale
Goodman
Hinton
Holt
James
Johnston
Kaye
Meriwether
Middleton
Ottmann
C. A. Palmer
Ray Palmer
Parker
Pyle
Reynolds
Rowe
Talley
Trammell
Westbrook
Woodall



Texas Club

Officers

Nap Rucker, Temple *President*

Johnny Fort, Waco *Vice-President*

Ben Sleeper, Waco *Secretary and Treasurer*

Others

Paul Bowden.....Cuero
Otto Buchel.....Cuero
Jingo Cocheran.....Austin
Al Cowan.....Waco
Pap Edmond.....Waco
Wendy Harrison.....Ft. Worth
Dug Herring.....Waco
Clarence Horner.....San Antonio
Rudy James.....Austin
Dundee Mayfield.....Waco
Rat McCuistion.....Paris
Ollie Moss.....Llano
Charlie Palmer.....Houston
Ray Palmer.....Houston
Winny Pearce.....Orange
Buck Pyle.....Clarendon
Wink Rowe.....Austin
Slime Schlemmer.....Austin
Dutch Schumacher.....Houston
Grind Senning.....Spur
Noble Talley.....Taylor
Pig Westbrook.....San Angelo



South Carolina Club

Favorite Song: 'We Never Come Home 'Till Morning.' *Favorite Color:* 'Black and White.' (Scotch)
Favorite Drink: Nectar. *Favorite Flower:* 'Four Roses.' *Mascot:* COLE L. BLEASE
Motto: War is Hell.

OFFICERS

W. M. REYNOLDS *President*
J. Y. PERRY *Vice-President*
F. H. MCLEOD, JR. *Secretary*
C. L. STONEY *Treasurer*

HONORARY MEMBERS

J. M. MCBRYDE
T. P. BAILEY

OTHERS

C. O. BROWN...*Royal Custodian of the Bucket*
F. R. ELLERBE.....*Bar Tender*
J. G. GANTT.....*The Strong Man*
E. H. MARTIN.....*Salome*
F. H. MCLEOD, JR..*Worthy Wielder of the Dice*
W. W. PALMER.*Sacred Keeper of the Cork Screw*
J. Y PERRY.....*Royal Custodian of the Bottle*
W. M. REYNOLDS.....*Toastmaster*
R. N. SHANNON.....
.....*Royal Custodian of the Wine Bottle*
C. L. STONEY.....*Water Bug*
W. S. STONEY.....*Sky Pilot*
W. S. RAY.....*Janitor*
J. R. WALKER.....*From the Farm*



Tennessee Club

Officers

Dobbins *President*

Orr *Vice-President*

Clark *Sec. and Treas.*

Members

D. T. Barrow
J. C. Bennett
E. T. Bowden
W. E. Boyd
M. K. Bruce
C. C. Chaffee
H. E. Clark
S. Crownover
R. L. Crudgington
B. T. Dobbins
J. S. Fields
W. D. Gale
S. D. Harr
Jerome Harris
W. B. Hinman
R. F. Hodge
E. F. Hudkins
J. M. Johnston
E. L. Jones
J. E. McCormick
D. B. McIsaac
Newton Middleton
J. R. Murphy
Chas. Nelson
G. M. Orr
Lynn Parker
J. S. Roulhac
G. T. Schneider
J. M. Scott
C. G. Sellers
A. W. Smith
R. L. Tolley
R. C. Walker
E. E. Wilbur
F. L. Wren



Missisippi Club

Flower: Cotton Blossom. *Motto:* To hell with Bollweevil.

Officers

Blum *President*

Leftwich *Vice-President*

Inge *Secretary*

Bell *Treasurer*

Members

Weatherley — Chipman

Goodman — Bell — Kaye — Murphey

Harris — Blum — Inge

Wortham — Leftwich



Alabama Club

MEMBERS

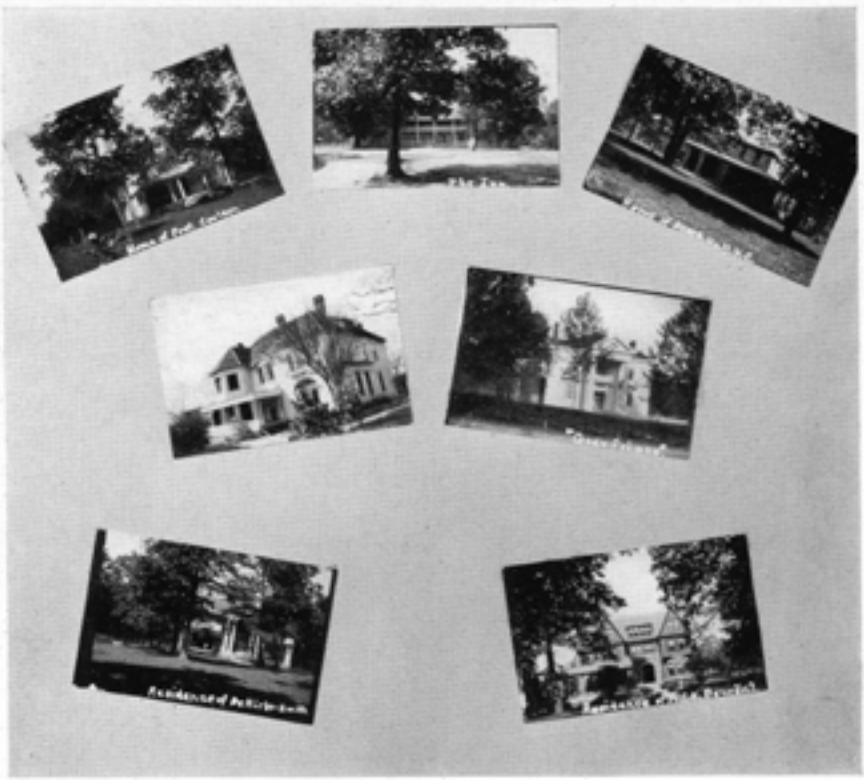
BREWSTER

MILLER, *President*

TULLIS GLOVER

RUTH HOLT, *Treas.* BETHEA

MERIWETHER TROUSDALE



A FEW RESIDENCES


PUBLICA
TIONS



The Sewanee Purple.

THE WEEKLY PUBLICATION of the STUDENTS of THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

Volume XXXII, Number 8 | Sewanee, Tennessee, Thursday, December 3, 1914 | New Series Number 200

SEWANEE, 14; VANDY, 13

warriors have swamped the Gold and Black in a maze of Purple. Sewanee has come once again into her own! The Purple waves triumphant.

With a team that weighed but 158 pounds per man the Purple Tigers tore into the hapless Commodores with a fury and abandon that made men sit up and take notice. If one but knows the Tiger it is easy to realize that it was only being true to its feline nature, but to those who did not, the playing of the aforesaid Tiger was a revelation. Battered, bruised and torn but never downed they fought from call of play until the referee's whistle announced the game was over. And the crowd, wild with victory, poured onto Dudley Field in a joyful rout.

It was not alone Vanderbilt's weakness but the strength of Sewanee that won. The Tiger tasted gore and he ran wild. His was not a rabid wildness, however, but cold, calculating, and determined. The team was steely but it had to win. Sewanee players tackled and cut down the luckless Commodores with such strength and ferocity that the spectators gasped—not to mention the Vanderbilt players.

While every man that was in the game Thanksgiving played stellar ball, one man stands far out in the forefront. Captain Tolley

Look What the Cat Brought Home!

under Mr. Phillips. The ends' work could not have been improved upon. The whole "works" played perfect football; that is the only way to express it.

We are thankful for all our efficient coaches, Gardner, Phillips, Watkins, Williams, and Julian, but most of all Coach Cope, the personification of Sewanee Spirit. It is he more than anyone else who is responsible for the victory of the Tigers. Hats off to Coach Cope! May he be with us for many years to come!

And now for a somewhat technical discussion of the game. The first quarter passed without any scoring but with Sewanee outrushing Vanderbilt, who at the end of this period had made not a single first down. The second quarter found Sewanee with the ball on Vandy's three-yard line and first down. Parker carried it over on the third play for the first marker of the game. Tolley kicked goal. In the rest of this half no scoring was done, although Sewanee threatened several times. All during the third period Sewanee remained stronger and consistently outrushed Vanderbilt. It was during this period that Tolley made his heart-stopping run for a touchdown that meant victory for the Tigers, after which

The Sewanee Purple

Editorial Staff

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P. C. Dinkins *Associate Editor*

Lawrence Faucett *Alumni Editor*

E. H. Baker *Athletic Editor*

E. T. Bowden *Local Editor*

Business Management

F. W. Clarke *Business Manager*

F. M. Morris *Circulation Manager*

G. T. Chapman, Jr. *Assistant Circulation Manager*

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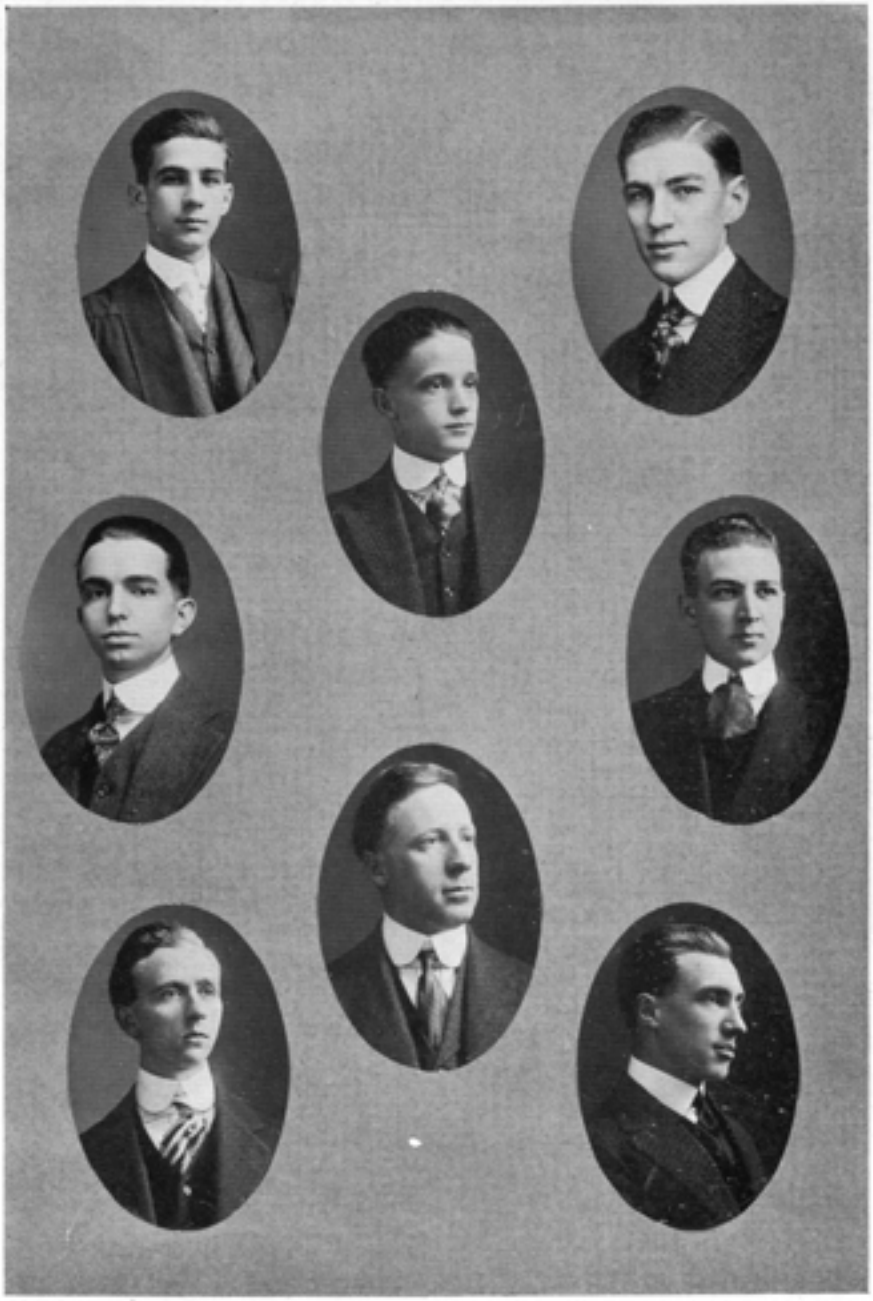
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Editor-in-Chief



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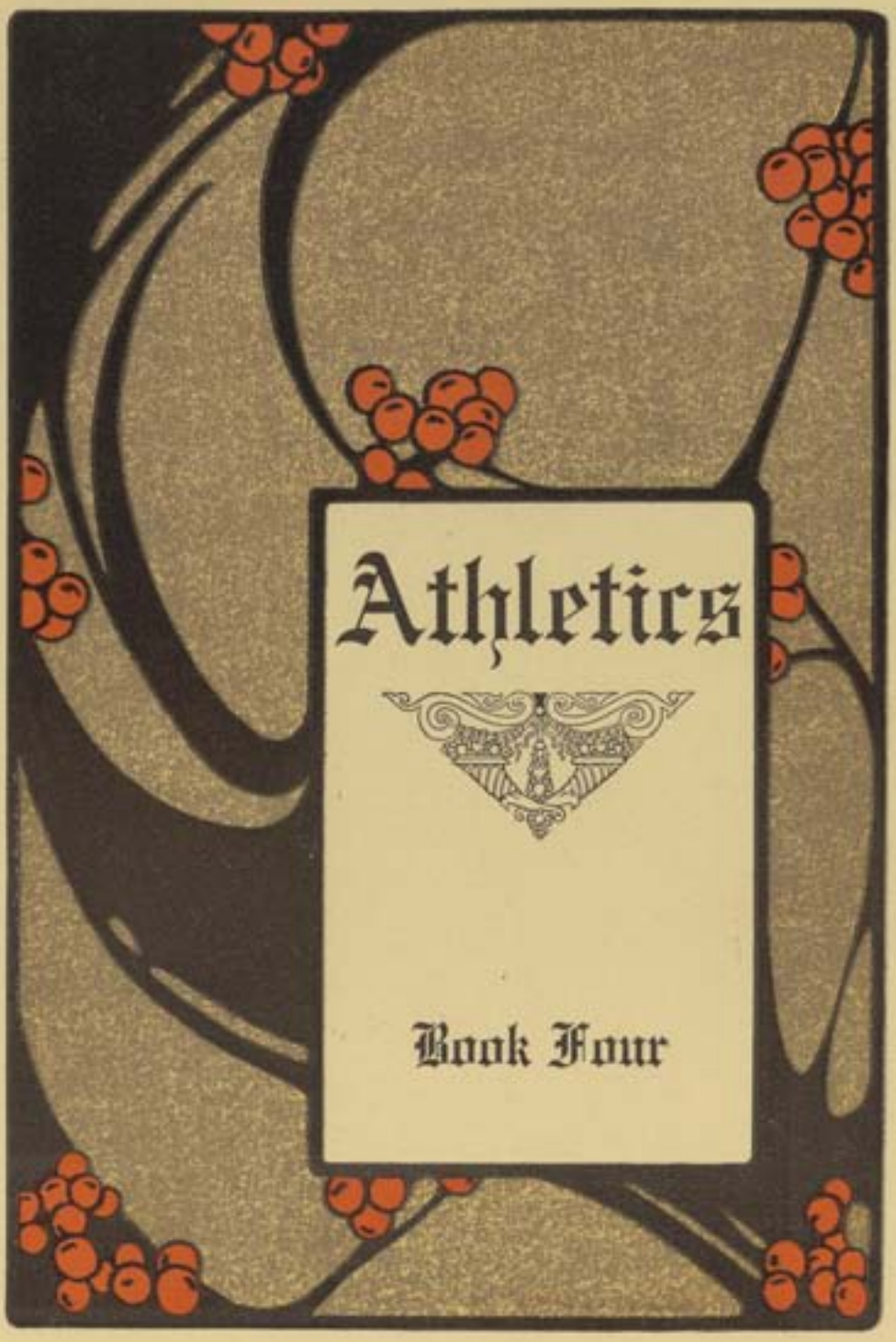




O, lady with the laughing eyes,
 Back behind that sphinxlike smile
Are you really very wise,
 Or do you with predestined guile
Assume a pose to tantalize?

What are you thinking all the while
 With studied art you bait your net
To trap men with some coquette's wile?
 Or are you really a coquette,
A serpent's daughter of the Nile?

Ah, you would have me guessing yet
 Until the very ocean dries
Ere my least doubt at rest you'd set!
 And yet 'twould be with shocked surprise
I'd see you smoke a cigarette.


Athletics
Book Four

SEWANEE SOLDIER KILLED IN ACTION



CAPT. J. N. C. RICHARDS.

Capt. James N. C. Richards was killed in action in France on July 19. He was a captain of the Twenty-sixth infantry, First division, regular army, and went over with the first contingent of American troops in June, 1917, with General Pershing, having served for a year previous to that time in the Mexican trouble. The photograph was taken while he was tactical officer at the Sewanee Military Academy.

Captain Richards is a son-in-law of Bishop A. W. Knight, vice chancellor of the University of the South. He is survived by his widow and one child, who are at the home of Bishop Knight at Sewanee. His many friends in Sewanee and at other places were deeply grieved at the news of his death on the battlefield.

DETAILS OF DEATH OF CAPT. WILLIAMS

Given in a Letter From Capt. Clark Howell, Jr., Who Was One of the Pallbearers.

In a letter received yesterday by his family from Capt. Clark Howell, Jr., Company L, 326th regiment, the first details are given of the death in France of Capt. Jewett Williams, of Company D, of that regiment, says Sunday's Constitution.

While Capt. Howell does not designate where Capt. Williams was killed, or where he was buried, other letters have said that he was buried at Abbeville, which is on the Somme river, not far from its entrance into the English channel.

Capt. Howell was one of the pallbearers, and he writes of the solemnity of the ceremony, that part of his letter referring to the death and funeral being as follows, under date of June 10:

"Day before yesterday I attended the funeral of Capt. Jewett Williams in a city about twenty-five miles from the front line. As you no doubt know he was killed while on an observation tour in the trenches. About 2 o'clock in the morning he was in No-Man's land with a British wiring party, his orderly and a sergeant, repairing defective wire, when a German flare was fired. The entire party froze. A little later a second flare was fired, accompanied by a rain of machine-gun bullets, one of which went through Capt. Williams' pocketbook containing a picture of his wife and little girl. The sergeant's steel helmet was hit and the orderly's leggin torn, but no damage resulted to them.

"Upon being picked up by the sergeant and orderly he said: 'I am all right—only stunned—look after the wounded British soldier."

"It being very dark, great difficulty was encountered in getting him over the barbed wire, the men not being able to find the gap, and his steel helmet was lost before he got back to the trenches. There his orderly jumped to the parapet to get the helmet, but was restrained by English soldiers on account of the steady stream of rifle and machine-gun fire.

"Once in the trenches the orderly and sergeant attempted to carry him on a stretcher to the dressing station, but alas the trenches were too narrow. Undaunted, they came out of the trench and carried him to the rear in the blackness amid a hail of bullets. On the way to the station he died.

"The funeral was the most impressive I have ever seen. At the head of the column was our band, followed by the military escort. Then came the body on a military wagon wrapped in an American flag and covered with flowers. On each side of the wagon were the pallbearers, of whom I was one. After the pallbearers there came a long line of American officers, followed by many British officers. All along the route to the cemetery British and French soldiers stopped, stood at attention and saluted. French women crossed themselves, and many brought out flowers and placed them on the coffin. The escort fired three volleys over the grave.

"We expect to move about 200 miles soon."

On the Death of Lieut. John W. Overton

(Two poems follow, dedicated to a Nashville hero, John W. Overton, lieutenant in the Marine Corps, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse M. Overton of Nashville, who was killed in action July 19, in France. The first is from a Yale publication, where he for several years was a student, and was captain of the Yale track team. The second is from the pen of his father's minister, Dr. J. H. McNeilly.)

I wonder if the elms of
 Old Eli's campus know;
I wonder if tonight the breezes,
 Whispering through them low
The story and the glory
 Of a hero dead, will tell—
A hero who in years gone by

 The campus elms knew well.
I know the winds from far-off France
 Will hurry o'er the foam
And tell the story of his fall
 Unto the winds of home.
I know full well the winds from home
 To France, when dawn gleams pale,
Will bring him benediction and
 The love of Eli Yale.

LIEUT. JOHN W. OVERTON.

Above the clangor of the fiery charge
 He heard his mighty captain's clear command,
That called him from the battle's bloody marge,
 To pass beyond the wreck of No Man's Land.
From out the foremost fiercest central fire
 He left behind the scenes of deadly strife;
With raptured spirit soaring ever higher,
 He passed to realms of everlasting life.
Through death he won a victor's fadeless crown;
 From man's relentless rage he finds release;
He lays at once his battered armor down,
 To rest for evermore in perfect peace.
He passed in hopeful manhood's youthful prime
 From homely ministries of earthly love;
From out this changing world of space and time
 He's gone to ministries in worlds above.
And now the faithful soldier's day is done,
 And o'er his dust we sound the evening bell—
His warfare o'er, his final victory won,
 At home with God, with him we know 'tis well.

—J. H. McN.




SEWANEE 14
VANDERBILT 13

The Athletic Board of Control

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A Review of Sewanee Football

	Played	Won	Tied	Lost
Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt	26	7	2	17
Sewanee vs. Virginia	4	1	1	2
Sewanee vs. Washington and Lee	1	1	0	0
Sewanee vs. University of Tennessee	12	10	0	2
Sewanee vs. University of Georgia	12	7	1	4
Sewanee vs. Georgia Tech	11	7	1	3
Sewanee vs. Tulane	5	5	0	0
Sewanee vs. University of Alabama	11	9	1	1
Sewanee vs. Auburn	10	7	1	2
Sewanee vs. University of N. C.	5	1	2	2
Sewanee vs. Texas	6	3	0	3
Sewanee vs. University of Nashville	8	6	0	2
Sewanee vs. Cumberland University	9	7	0	2
Sewanee vs. L. S. U.	3	3	0	0
Sewanee vs. Mississippi	3	3	0	0
Sewanee vs. Central of Kentucky	3	2	0	1
Sewanee vs. S. W. P. U.	4	4	0	0
Sewanee vs. Texas A. & M.	2	2	0	0
Sewanee vs. Washington University	2	2	0	0
Sewanee vs. Bethel College	1	1	0	0
Sewanee vs. Clemson	1	1	0	0
Sewanee vs. Mississippi A. & M.	1	1	0	0
Sewanee vs. Kentucky State	1	1	0	0
Sewanee vs. St. Louis University	1	0	1	0
Sewanee vs. Princeton	1	0	0	1
Sewanee vs. University of Chattanooga	3	3	0	0
Sewanee vs. University of Florida	1	1	0	0
	147	95	10	42



Resume of the 1914 Football Season

The good year 1914 was peculiar to Sewanee in several different ways. About two weeks before the University opened all football candidates reported to a football camp in the mountain. After two weeks' vigorous training the squad, led by Coach Cope, Trainer Gardner, and Captain Tolley, returned to the mountain.

Five "S" men, a goodly number of the previous year's scrubs, and much new material reported to the coach.

The season opened with Cumberland University, a supposedly good team. The Tigers, both the old men and the new, showed up well. They took the boys from the City of Cedars into camp in a workmanlike fashion. Captain Tolley starred with several brilliant runs. The final score was Sewanee, 59; C. U., 0.

Next came the Georgia game on the mountain. With four old men the Tigers started. Georgia scored early in the first quarter and kicked goal. Sewanee came back in the third, but failed to kick goal. Most of the men were getting their first real taste of college football. It was a new and strange thing to them. But that game served its purpose in the making of a Tiger fighting machine.

The following Saturday Chattanooga proved more or less an easy game. The Purple machine piled up forty-six points, while the Moccasins annexed three by means of a beautiful goal from placement.

Sewanee next invaded the land of Ponce de Leon. They found alligators very good fare. Old Florida lowered her colors, and the Tigers piled up twenty-six points.

The old hoodoo got in its deadly work the succeeding week, and the husky blacksmiths and boilermakers of Georgia Tech defeated Sewanee twenty to nothing. This was the one and only time during the entire season that the Purple team was outplayed.

Down to Birmingham journeyed the Tigers. With the odds two to one against them, and playing a team that had beaten Georgia Tech. some thirteen to nothing, the Tigers, fighting mad, tore into Alabama. Outplaying the Crimson and White in every department of the game, they defeated them eighteen to nothing.

Against Tennessee, the champions, the Tigers played a magnificent game. Fighting gamely and contesting every inch of the ground and outgaining Tennessee, the Purple warriors went down to defeat. Fourteen to seven was the final score.

However, for Sewanee there is but one game on the schedule card. The season stands a success or a failure according to the result of that game. With the dope favoring Vanderbilt considerably the Tigers tore in with a rush. At the end of the first half the score stood, Sewanee, 7; Vanderbilt, 0. Again in the third quarter Sewanee added another touchdown and goal. In the fourth quarter Vanderbilt scored twice on long forward passes, the only method by which they were able to gain. However, after the last touchdown they failed to kick goal. Once more the Purple floats in triumph, and Sewanee comes into her own again.

So the past season is marked down as a grand success, and all Sewanee men shall respect and revere the team of 1914.



1914 FOOTBALL SQUAD



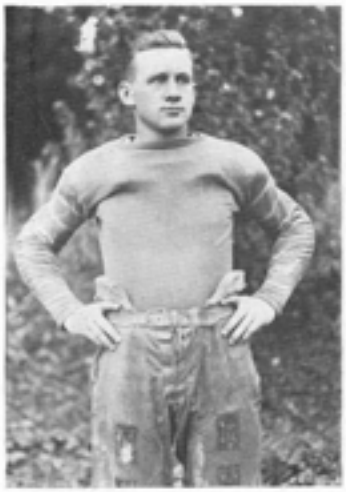
R. L. TOLLEY, (Capt.)
Quarterback



HARRIS G. COPE
Coach



WM. J. GARDNER
Trainer



R. T. DOBBINS
Right Tackle



R. S. PARKER
Left End



RAY PALMER
Half Back



JOE M. SCOTT
Center



W. V. FORT
Half Back



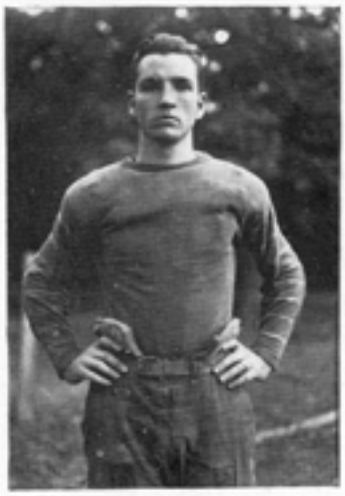
D. B. McISAAC
Right End



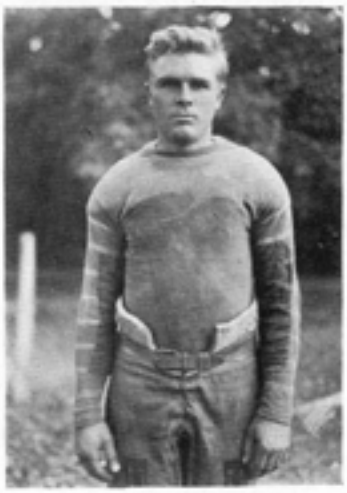
J. E. McCORMICK
Left Tackle



G. C. HARRISON
Left Guard



J. S. ROULHAC
Full Back



C. G. SELLERS
Quarter Back



L. C. TALLEY
Full Back



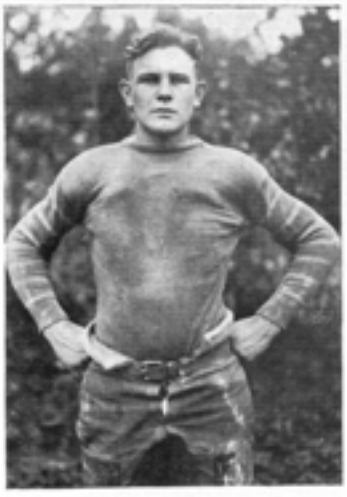
J. Y. PERRY
Right Guard



H. E. CLARK
Right Guard



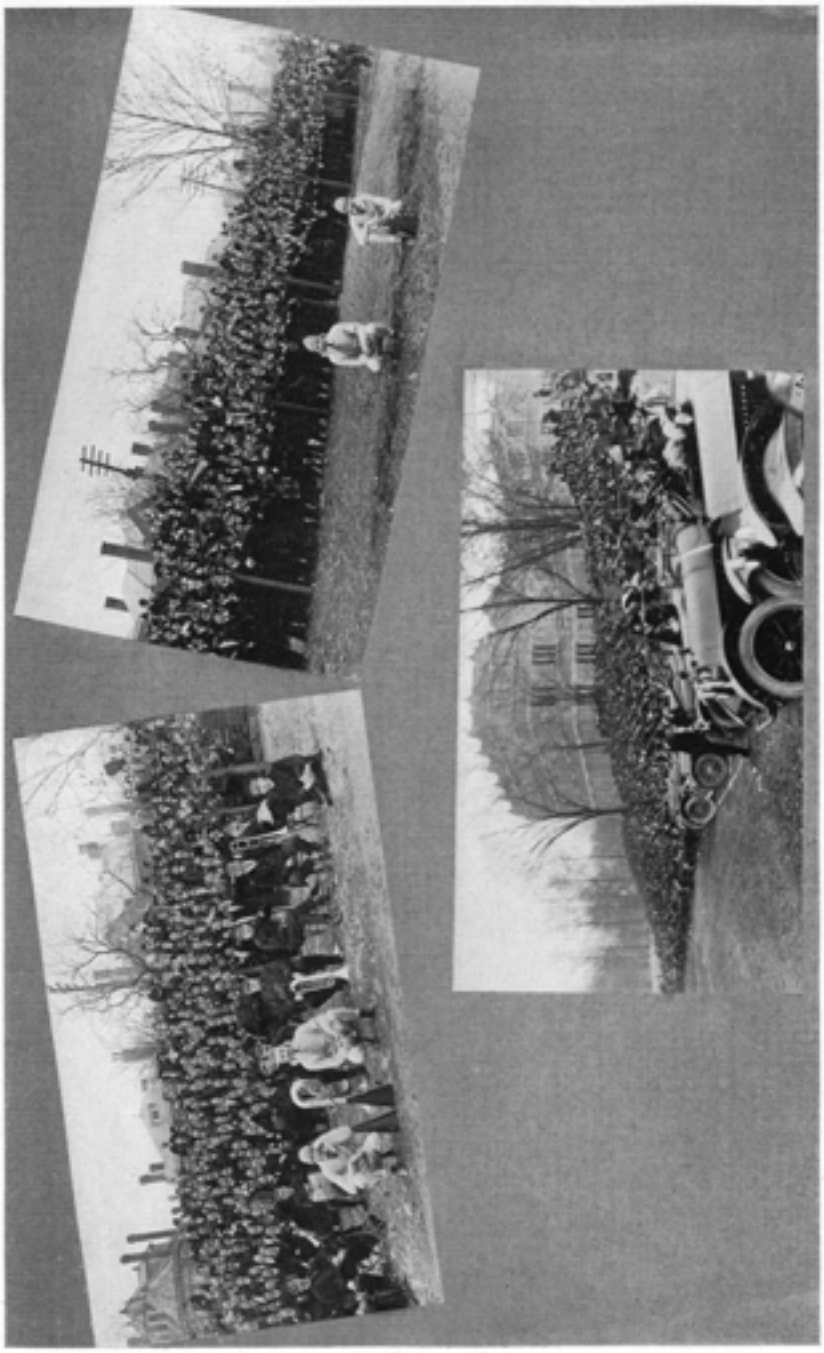
N. S. EDMOND
Half Back



W. G. LEFTWICH
Left Tackle



H. L. CRUDGINGTON
Right End



1914 VANDERBILT GAME

Football Chronicle

OFFICERS

ROBERT L. TOLLEY *Captain*
C. C. CHAFFEE, JR. *Manager*
HARRIS G. COPE *Coach*
WM. J. GARDNER *Trainer*

ASSISTANT COACHES

CAPT. FRANK A. JUHAN — HENRY D. PHILLIPS
GEORGE WATKINS — SILAS WILLIAMS

THE TEAM

R. S. PARKER.....*Left End*	H. L. CRUDGINGTON.....*Right End*
J. E. MCCORMICK.....*Left Tackle*	R. L. TOLLEY.....*Quarter Back*
W. G. LEFTWICH.....*Left Tackle*	C. G. SELLERS.....*Quarter Back*
G. C. HARRISON.....*Left Guard*	RAY PALMER.....*Half Back*
JOE M. SCOTT.....*Center*	W. V. FORT.....*Half Back*
H. E. CLARK.....*Right Guard*	N. S. EDMOND.....*Half Back*
J. Y. PERRY.....*Right Guard*	L. C. TALLEY.....*Full Back*
B. T. DOBBINS.....*Right Tackle*	J. S. ROULHAC.....*Full Back*
D. B. MCISAAC.....*Right End*	

SUBSTITUTES

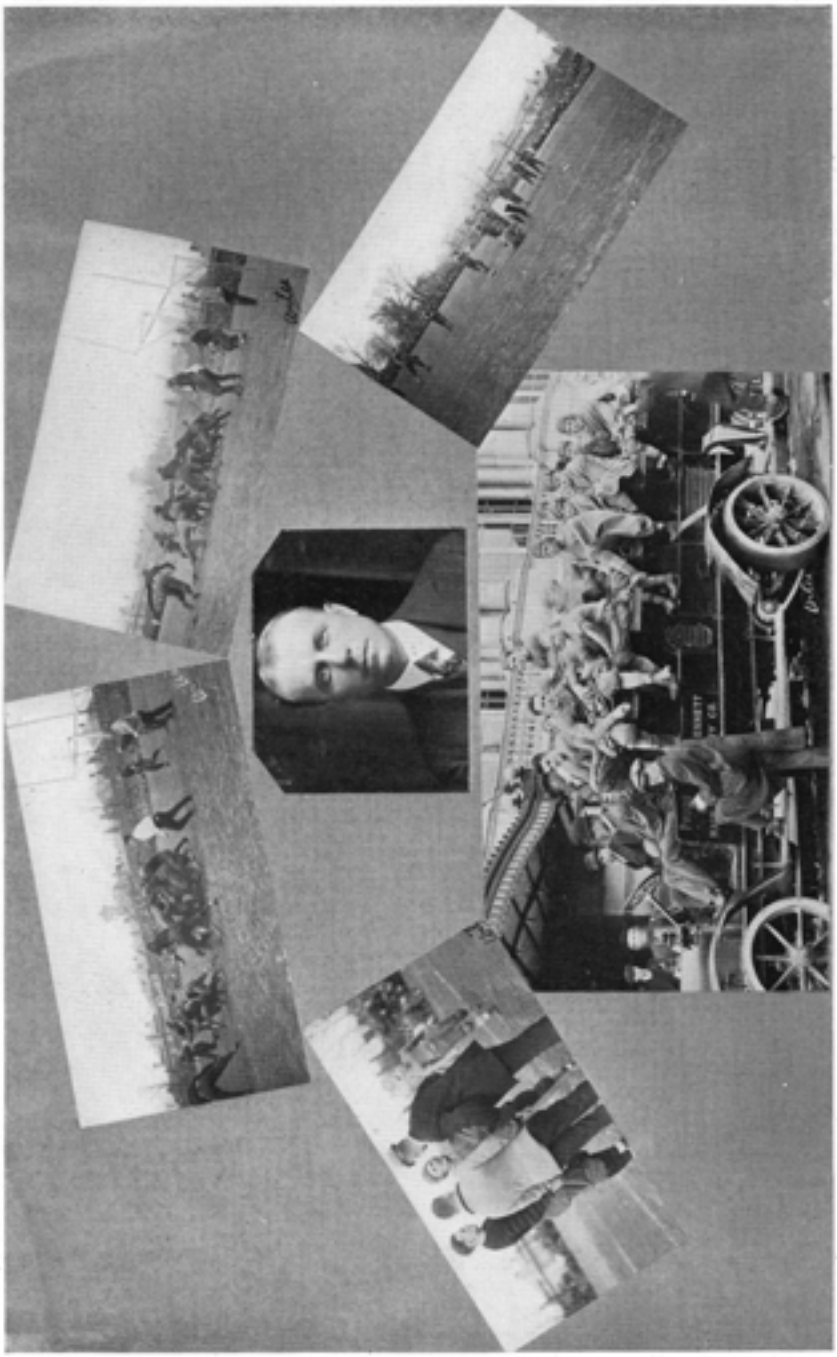
L. PARKER — WORTHAM
RUCKER — ELLERBE
BOYD — BYERLEY

SCHEDULE

Oct. 3—At	Sewanee	Sewanee, 59;	Cumberland		0
Oct. 10—At	Sewanee	Sewanee, 6;	University of Georgia		7
Oct. 17—At	Sewanee	Sewanee, 46;	University of Chattanooga		3
Oct. 24—At	Jacksonville	Sewanee, 26;	University of Florida		0
Oct. 31—At	Atlanta	Sewanee, 0;	Georgia Tech		20
Nov. 7—At	Birmingham	Sewanee, 18;	University of Alabama		0
Nov. 14—At	Chattanooga	Sewanee, 7;	University of Tennessee		14
Nov. 26—At	Nashville	Sewanee, 14;	Vanderbilt		13
		176			57

SCHEDULE 1915

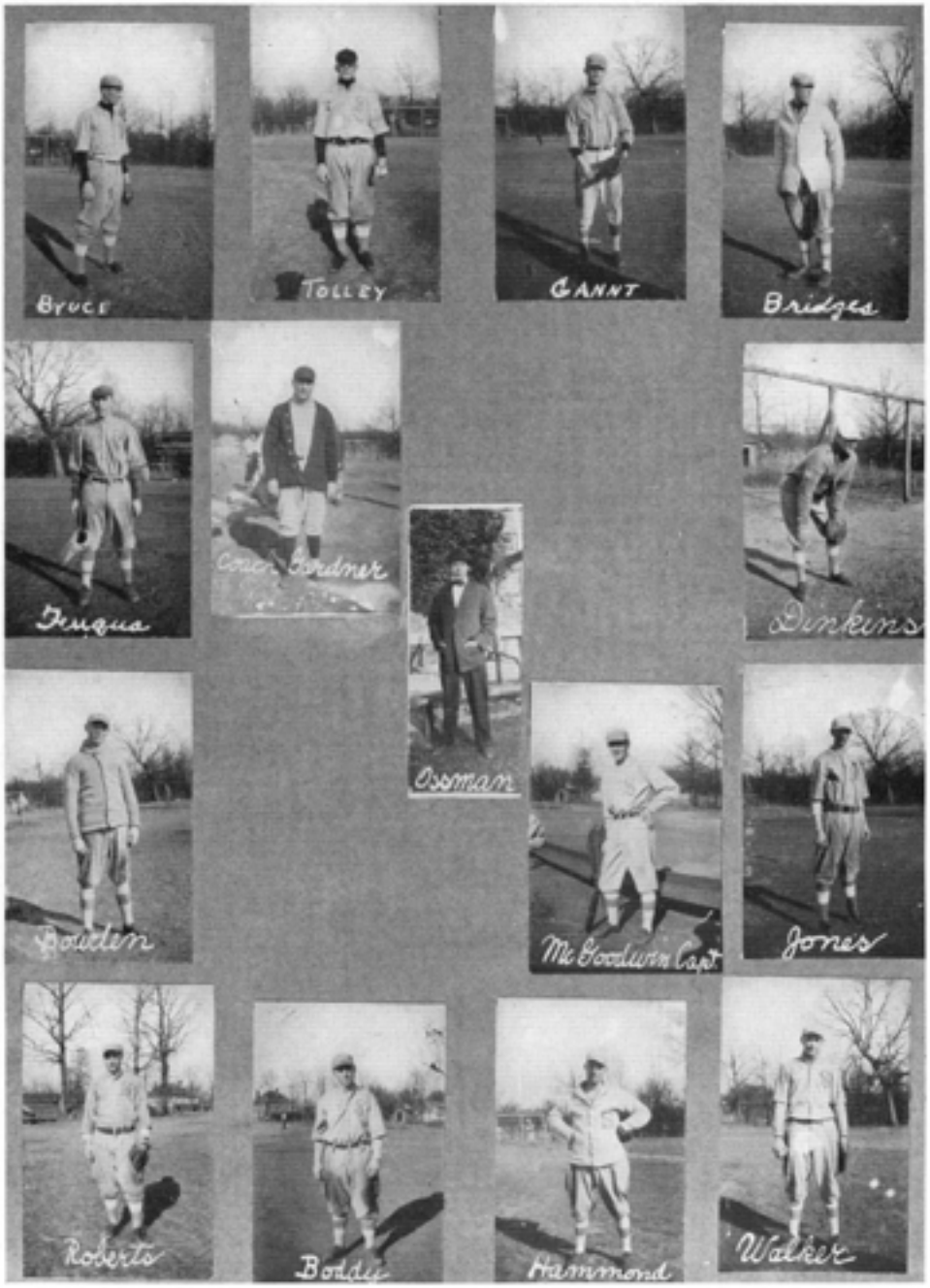
Oct. 2—At	Sewanee	Sewanee vs. Morgan
Oct. 9—At	Sewanee	Sewanee vs. Cumberland
Oct. 16—At	Jacksonville	Sewanee vs. University of Florida
Oct. 23—At	Lexington	Sewanee vs. Kentucky State
Oct. 30—At	Birmingham	Sewanee vs. University of Alabama
Nov. 6—At	Houston	Sewanee vs. University of Texas
Nov. 8—At	Waco	Sewanee vs. Baylor University
Nov. 13—At	Chattanooga	Sewanee vs. University of Chattanooga
Nov. 25—At	Nashville	Sewanee vs. Vanderbilt



1914 VANDERBILT GAME



BASEBALL



1914 BASEBALL TEAM

Baseball Team



R. L. McGOODWIN
1914 Captain

A certain parody of Abe Lincoln's famous saying put into modern baseball terms to the effect that—"You can beat all the teams some of the time, some of the teams all the time, but you can't beat all the teams all the time"—might tell better than the historian the story of the 1914 baseball season. One might term it an "off again, on again" season.

R. L. McGoodwin, captain of the 1914 'Varsity, claims the swamps and cane-brakes of Louisiana for his legal residence. "Pinky" performed in numerous different positions during his career on the diamond. First base, second, and the outfield have all been played in real "huge league" fashion by this true "son of swat." His greatest contribution to the team is his terrific batting power. Over Southern diamonds Pinky holds an enviable reputation as a slugger. A good captain he was, running the team in a way that Connie himself might envy.

Gantt, a freshman, played his first year on the 'Varsity. He hit well and fielded his position, second base, a la Eddie Collins. He ought to have many more years of usefulness on the diamond for Sewanee.

Boddy, who cavorted at the "hot corner," was playing his first year on the 'Varsity, though a Sophomore. His fielding was marvelous. The Scrub experience had taught him well.

Bridges, the shortfielder, has been known to rise up at an opportune moment and ride the ball. His timely hitting featured many a contest.

Jones was going "great guns" when he suffered a broken ankle in the Vanderbilt series. His hitting had vastly improved, and he gave promise of being among the leaders for 1914.

Bruce, who worked in the outgardens, got in some deadly work with the willow, in fact he led the club, hitting well over 300 per cent. In one game with Alabama he slammed out two home runs in succession.

Bowden's equal in chasing down and hanging on to fly balls in center field has not yet been found.

Roberts and the pitchers worked at various times in right field.

Dinkins, captain for 1915, did all the catching.

Walker pitched beautiful ball throughout the season, his fast ball being especially effective.

Hammond did very good work in the box also. His hitting also featured, averaging over 300 per cent for the season.

Tolley did his share of the work well.

The work of W. J. Gardner, All-American, was responsible for what success the team had. He put fight and ginger into the men, and his brain work turned many games into the "Won Column" for the Purple team.



Baseball Chronicle

Officers

Wm. J. Gardner *Coach*
R. L. McGoodwin *Captain*
George Ossman *Manager*



PAT C. DINKINS
Captain-Elect 1915

The Team

R. L. McGoodwin.....*First Base*
E. L. Jones.....*First Base*
J. S. Gantt.....*Second Base*
W. S. Bridges.....*Shortstop*
Donald Boddy.....*Third Base*
P. C. Dinkins.....*Catcher*
E. T. Bowden.....*Center Field*
M. K. Bruce.....*Left Field*
T. D. Roberts.....*Right Field*
R. C. Walker.....*Pitcher*
W. C. Hammond.....*Pitcher*
R. L. Tolley.....*Pitcher*

Schedule 1915

March 27.....Morgan, at Sewanee
March 29-30..Beloit College (Wis.), at Sewanee
April 7-8....Univ. of Chattanooga, at Sewanee
April 14-15.....S. P. U., at Sewanee
April 22-23.....Cumberland, at Sewanee
April 27..Univ. of Chattanooga, at Chattanooga
April 28-29...Univ. of Alabama, in Tuscaloosa
April 30-May 1..Miss. A. & M., at Starksville
May 3-4.....Mercer, at Sewanee
May 12-13.....Univ. of Tennessee, at Sewanee
May 21.....Vanderbilt, at Nashville
May 22.Vanderbilt, at Nashville (double header)



1915 BASEBALL SQUAD


BASKET
BALL



Inter-Fraternity Basketball

THE TEAMS

Alpha Tau Omega—Brewster, f.; Harris, f.; Lyman, c.; Ellerbe, g.; Hodge, g.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon—Clark, f.; McIsaac, f.; Roulhac, c.; Boyd, g.; Palmer (Capt.), f.; Sellers, g.

Kappa Sigma—Arnold, f.; Bowden, f.; McCormick, c.; Wren (Captain), g.; Roberts, g.

Phi Delta Theta—Fort, f.; Riner (Captain), f.; Bruce, c.; Burton, g.; Byerley, g.; Pyle, g.

Delta Tau Delta—Bennett, f.; Faucett, f.; Hammond, c.; Dobbins (Captain), g.; Russey, g.

Kappa Alpha—Rucker, f.; Wortham, f.; Tolley (Captain), c.; Nelson, g.; Baker, g.

Non-Frat.—Herring, f.; Glover, f.; Harrison, c.; Arnold (Captain), g.; Parker, g.

AVERAGES

	Played	Won	Lost	Pct.
Non-Frats	5	5	0	1.000
Kappa Sigma.....	4	3	1	.750
Delta Tau Delta.....	3	2	1	.666
Sigma Alpha Epsilon..	4	2	2	.500
Phi Delta Theta.....	5	2	3	.400
Kappa Alpha.....	3	1	2	.333
Alpha Tau Omega....	4	0	4	.000

The "Has-Been"

BY SILAS WILLIAMS

O, to be in Sewanee,
Now that autumn's there,
And the leaves o'erhead
Are tinged with red,
And there's football in the air.

I can hear the plunk of the pigskin
As it's met by the swinging toe,
And the dirt and sweat
And the jerseys wet—
It sets my blood aglow.

I can hear the cry of the quarter—
Twenty-one, forty-three, sixty-nine!—
With a grin on my face,
I spring to my place
Out on the end of the line.

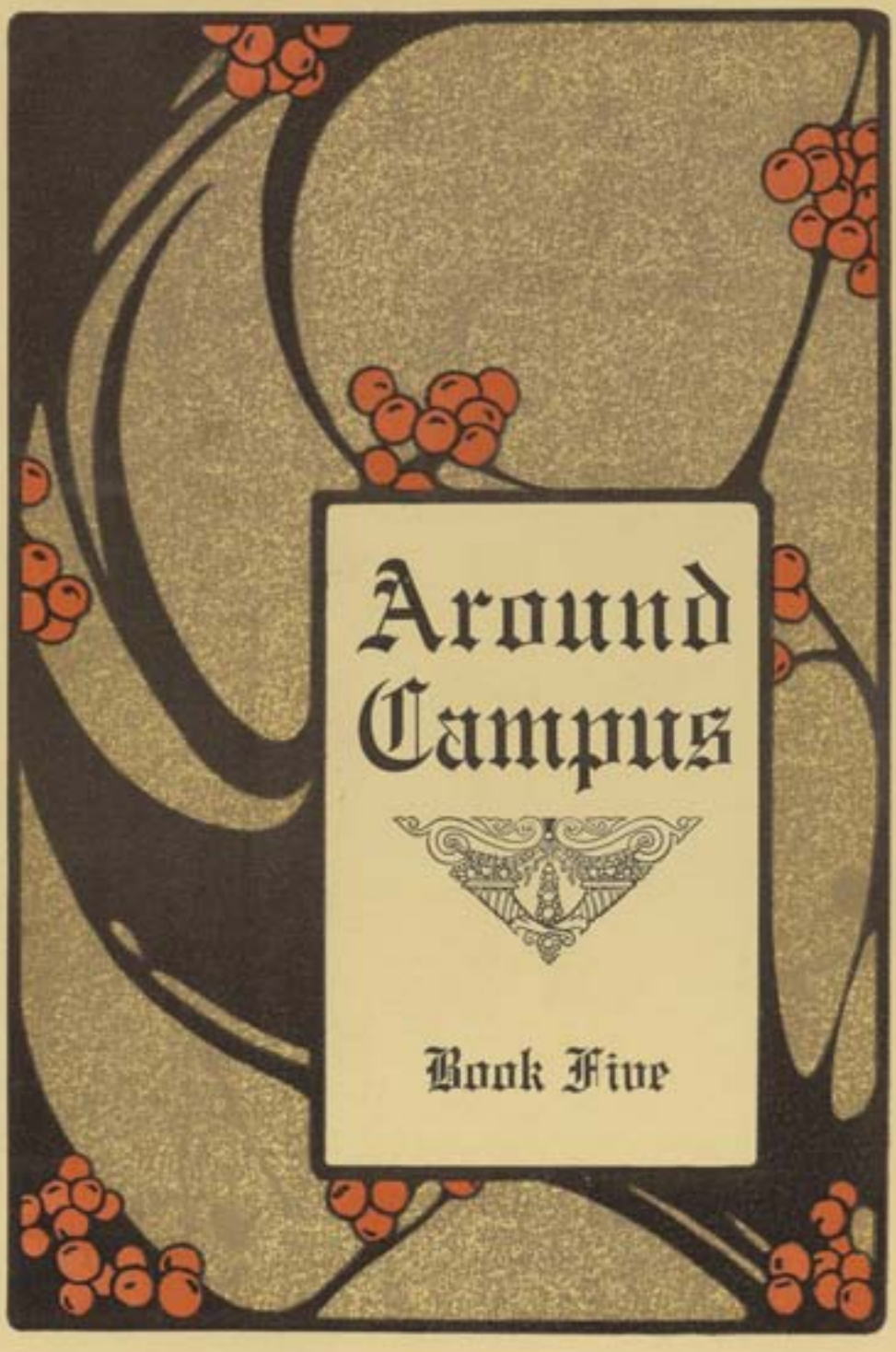
Then Vandy gets hold of the oval
And round my end they sweep;
There's a curse from Dan,
As I get my man
And we all go down in a heap.

I know it's idle dreaming—
These pictures of Used-to-be;
There's a tear in my eye
And a heartfelt sigh
For I'm a "Has-Been" now, you see.

But I'd be a whole lot happier,
Before the long journey I wend,
To get one more crack
At a Vanderbilt back,
Or to spill some ambitious end.

To fight once more for the Purple
And help the others to score,
And feel in my heart
I'd done my part,
And Sewanee had won once more.

But it's all over for me but the shouting—
I can't fight as a Varsity man;
Yet, win or lose,
I'll clean the shoes
Of those lucky devils who can.


Around
Campus
Book Five

College Statistics

(Voted on by the entire student body.)

Handsomest WOODALL
Prettiest KAYE
Ugliest BARNES
Grind MORRIS, F.
Brightest HARRIS, E. B.
Most Popular ORR
Most Versatile WALKER, R. C.
Windiest HARRISON
Laziest PHYNIZY
Best Athlete TOLLEY
Class Crank OTTMAN
Thinks He Is "It" MCCORMICK
Most Useful WALKER, R. C.
Greatest Fusser ORR
Freshest MARTIN
Least Appreciated STYRON
Most Unfortunate JONES
Best All-Round Fellow DOBBINS
Most Respected WALKER, R. C.

Most Capable CHAFFEE
Wittiest LYMAN
Best Natured SELLERS
Biggest Eater BREWSTER
Most Modest DOBBINS
Biggest Sport SHANNON
Most Conceited MARTIN
Cheekiest HAMMOND
Grouchiest MCGOODWIN
Biggest Bluffer in Class Room CHAFFEE
Meekest MABLEY
Most Promising WALKER
Best Student HARRIS, E.
Busiest CHAFFEE
Best Dressed ORR
Loudest TALLEY
Most Footless WEATHERLEY
Biggest Wire Puller CHAFFEE
Man Who Has Done Most for Sewanee WALKER, R. C.

Hardest Study HISTORY
Easiest Study ENGLISH
Hardest School Year FRESHMAN
Easiest School Year JUNIOR
Best Teacher DR. BAKER
Easiest to Recite to DR. BAKER
Hardest to Recite to MR. NAUTS

Kindest DR. BARTON
Most Popular in Class Room DR. BAKER
Most Popular Outside of Class Room DR. BAKER
Easiest to Bluff MR. TOWNSHEND
Hardest to Bluff MR. NAUTS
Windiest MR. NAUTS
Most Respected DR. BARTON

If

(With Apologies to R. Kipling.)

If you can live on Hoffman food and lodging,
And have a stomach left when you are through;
If you can face the Proctor without dodging,
While wiring for a case of choicest brew;
If you can roll the bones till dawn is breaking,
And sleep a wink and fill your chapel seat;
And chat with faculty members without quaking
While knowing they will get you when they meet;

If you can roar and not be tired by roaring,
When Tabby springs some joke for the hundredth time;
Or sleep in class and have no fear of snoring
While Birdie reads some bit of rippling rime;
If you can loaf for months and not get fired,
Banking your fate upon your power to cram,
Then grind all night till body and brain are tired,
And upset the dope and pass a good exam;

If you can watch the sunset with a maiden,
And swear her far more glorious than it,
And swear your heart with love for her is laden,
And that night with another maiden sit;
If you can dance all night for four nights running,
And use the days between for all but sleep,
And swear some Prof's wife's squalling brat is cunning,
And for reward a Sunday dinner reap.

If you would rather see the team beat Vandy,
Than know the White House some day waits for you,
If you have faith the team can cop the candy,
And will stake your whole blamed fortune that they do;
If you can fight to keep the team from losing,
While knowing in your heart you cannot win,
And feel that your last drop of strength is oozing,
And swear that Vandy cannot score again;

If, of all the spots on earth, the one you love is
A mountain top, a towered city's home,
If, of all your hopes, the one you place above is,
To get back there, no matter where you roam;
If you can give up wealth and fame and pleasure
Because Sewanee's mission must be done,
You'll be a man, by every mete and measure,
And, what is more, A SEWANEE MAN, my son.

Proctor's Hall and the Panther

ONE evening in the early fall—a year or so ago—several of us went out to Morgan's Steep for a twilight supper. We arrived just in time to witness one of the most beautiful sunsets I have ever seen—but while admiring the changing colors we still had time to eat—and I might say that this combination is very hard to beat. Try it.

As we ate, the ruddy glow gave place to a bank of dark evening clouds—and night had come on. But the party had been very wisely planned, for soon the cliffs, mountains and valleys were thrown into grotesque, unfamiliar shapes under the magic of the moon. Then, as the last olive was eaten and the remaining sandwich had disappeared, there was a general demand for stories—moonlight memories of a good supper—and girls. Of course, stories were the natural thing. It gives one a chance to pass as a real hero—at least if questions are not too pointed. So the circle was started by someone telling the legend of the naming of Clara's Point—and he was rewarded by several feminine sighs of sisterly feeling. Another told of an all-night bout with a forest fire on the ridge beyond Clara's Point—as it was still summer—at least as far as foliage went—one could really enjoy the story from a purely impersonal viewpoint. The next in line told of the strange happenings—weird flashes of light seen in winter down at Devil's Hole. Several furtive glances and a shiver or so—a silence—and the next story.

So things went until of a sudden my reverie was interrupted and I was told to tell my tale. What a night for a ghost story—but I didn't happen to know one. I hadn't much time to think—I must begin—and so I plunged into the story of the Panther and Proctor's Hall. All that it had to recommend it was the fact that it was really true, and had happened very near at hand, though several years ago. In the light of what followed it is best that the story be retold.

Several years ago—when the University ran on through the summer—and the summer girl was probably the chief concern of the student, it happened that the girls at Old Palmetto Hall invited all the students of that hall out to a cliff party at Proctor's Hall. But not all—for two had been overlooked or left out, whichever you please.

These two watched the departure of the party with its baskets from the windows of their rooms—watched them disappear behind the old chapel—and then called softly to each other. Then one slipped into the other's room, and there they began to lay their plans.

Now one of the two could howl—rather cry—so much like a panther that only a close listener could tell the difference. He was delegated to go out to the steep, climb

down there and after getting under the Hall, give a howl or two, climb up, gather up the lunch, meet his confederate and proceed to the enjoyment thereof.

So about ten or fifteen minutes after the party had departed he slipped out and made for the steep at a good pace.

After reaching the ledge that runs along or around to the Hall, he stopped—heard across the cove the rattle of dishes and a laugh or two—then he gave his first cry—a long quavering wail that drifted away into just an echo. There was a dead silence, not a rattle or a laugh. Smiling to himself, he proceeded as quietly as he could towards Proctor's Hall. The sun was almost down when he got there. Above he could hear the squeaks of delight from the girls and a general laugh at some clever sally from one of the fellows. Gritting his teeth, he waited until the laugh had subsided and outdid himself in his second imitation. There was a quick shuffle of feet—a silence—and he began to climb. But a rattle or two, a subdued voice, warned him that he had better try again if he hoped to get the lunch. So he stopped and again voiced his cry. This time there was no mistake. A stampede was taking place above. So he went on up and over on to the Hall. All about were the signs of a hurried departure—an overturned bottle of olives, a napkin caught on a bramble, a forgotten hat, and the entire lunch. To make his load lighter he proceeded to demolish a pile of sandwiches and a simple chocolate layer cake of five stories. After a little such exercise he slowed up and started to collect the remains. When all was in readiness he looked out over the valley and gave his last wavering shriek.

Now when he had given his first blood-curdling call he had not noticed that there had been a faint answer from over by Clara's point. When, under the Hall, he had voiced his second cry, there had come a distinct answer from about the middle of the valley. He had not noticed this, either, nor the still closer answer to his third cry. So when he had completed his fourth and last call he was scared almost into stone with a harsh snarl right below him, and immediately a furry shape climbed up and over onto the Hall. But when the cat arrived on the scene there was a streak up towards the top of the mountain and a drum of footsteps gaining speed at each leap.

The cliff party had had a full fifteen minutes' start, but they had just gotten to the porch of Palmetto when a breathless figure dashed madly down the street, leaped the fence and, stumbling to the porch, fell full length and panting on the steps, just as a dark shape, like a large dog, crossed the beam of yellow light from the hall lamp.

The next day a hunting party was organized, but they found not the faintest trail.

As I told this story, I too, like he of the story, was all unconscious of the hair-raising ending, for as I was speaking from beyond the spur to the right there had been sounding a weird hum or sort of drum-like noise, something like the sound of escaping steam. Some of the party had heard it, however, and were getting restless. The noise kept increasing until, when I stopped, it was filling the whole valley. Our party was on its feet in a moment, and, feeling a little nervous myself, I too got up.

How Men Will Find Their Souls

Religion after the war seems likely, to a lay observer, to become "a thing of practice, not of faith or doctrine." It will have more humanity, and be "bent on serving by works." Along with this change will come a disappearance of the visible symbols of the old order. "We shall have fewer costly churches and expensive choirs, and more humbleness of spirit, for the war is helping man to find his soul." It is the Detroit Free Press that sets up a lay pulpit, and preaches from the text of "one of the anomalies of the present," that is, "the manner in which the religion of peace and love has given way before a Moloch of strife and hatred aroused by an ambitious nation intent on its own ends." We read:

"We ask ourselves how it happened that at a moment when the world was felicitating itself on its progress in civilization and Christian brotherhood, a war unprecedented in blood and brutality should break out among the nations worshiping the same God and professing faith in the same Redeemer.

"The effect of the war upon participants and the resultant moral consequences have been variously estimated. There are many who believe a great spiritual revival will ensue, uplifting the souls of men; others, gleaning the lessons of history, foresee a lowering of moral standards. It is already predicted that the revival, if it comes, will not be concerned so much with individual salvation as with the regeneration of the race and the world. Religionists have heretofore been most concerned with the salvation of individual souls. The religion that is to come will be on a less personal basis; it will bring out the inarticulate religion at the bottom of every heart. War, we have every reason to believe, is doing this, and in this connection what a man who knows war and has made the supreme sacrifice as a soldier has to say on the subject is of interest.

"Donald Hankey, author of that widely-read book, 'A Student in Arms,' admits the average man is not a Christian, but believes in his potentialities. The clue is to be found in the qualities he admires or detests in other people. He has an ideal, but judges others, not himself, by it. The possession of this ideal is his religion, in so far as he has one. He admires courage, generosity, honesty, practical kindness, and persistence in doing the right thing. He despises physical and moral cowardice, lying and 'toadying;' he hates 'swank,' cant and cruelty. Out of these he makes his ideal. And Hankey points out that the things he admires are, after all, the ideals of the gospel; the things he despises the things Christ fought against. He reminds us that it is a poor business to have an ideal and not live up to it, and that all we are asked to do is to try, and keep on trying."

Superb Indeed.

"They are superb soldiers," says Pershing of his own men. It is well to remember the true meaning of superb, which is "proud." Our men in France may well be proud; proud of the purposes they incarnate, of the commanders they serve under, of the Allies they shoulder. There is great virtue in honorable pride.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"In connection with the American forces abroad there has been some discussion about the proportion of the forces which is brigaded with the British, and I will say that General Pershing has in his own area as his own force, not brigaded with the British, over 1,000,000.

"The number of men embarked during the month of July, just closed, was over 500,000. That breaks the record; the previous high record was in the preceding month, when we shipped 276,000. The number of men embarked to France is now over 1,300,000."

the necessary.

War profits tax additional to the excess profits and corporation income taxes, and the alternative plan to apply either the excess profits or a war profits plan, according to which would yield the most revenue from each concern, will be again before the full committee next week. President Wilson let it be known informally today that he favored a war profits tax in the pending bill, but members of the committee say the President has not communicated with them on the subject.

Representative Moore, one of the ranking Republicans on the committee, expressed this view tonight:

"The higher and larger incomes and probably the excess profits could stand a little more than is now contemplated in the pending bill."

BRITISH, CHARGING OVER OPEN PLAIN, WON OULCHY HILLS

Captured Butte-de-Chalmont in Daring Attack, Gaining Crest That Dominates Fismes.

By GORDON D. KNOX.
(Special Cable Dispatch.)

WITH THE FRENCH ARMY, Aug. 3.—British troops bore the brunt of the fighting in the last two days' offensive in the neighborhood of Ouichy, a staff officer of French troops who co-operated with them informed me.

"The British part in the battle," he added, "was a brilliant one, for they had to cross an open plain where they were in full view of the enemy and then attempt to attack on the crest which dominates the district. The men engaged have the right to be proud of their achievement."

The information I obtained today from the staff officer of French troops engaged enables me to add further details and further appreciation of the the value of the work done Sunday and Monday in the western arm of the Rheims-Soissons sector. The capture of Butte-de-Chalmont and the crossing of the Chateau Thierry road not only gives a view on Fismes, but permits the French to dominate a large area of the country and thus lays the foundation for a further advance.

Gonna Have a Sudden Relapse.

Chancellor von Hertling is back on the job after an illness, but he has no immunity from heart sickness over events on the west front.—Minneapolis Tribune.

[illegible] the truth of the situation dawned upon her.

"Oh, Bob," she pleaded, "Come into the house, won't you?"

The door had barely closed behind him, when, with an utter disregard for his wet clothes, she ran into his arms.

"I've been terribly silly and unreasonable, Bob," she confessed contritely. "Forgive me—for everything—won't you, dear boy?"

"Every one of them, dear," she agreed, hiding her face in a dry spot which she found on the front of his coat.

The strange noise, a sort of whirr or pulsating buzz, seemed to come from somewhere over by Clara's point. It was not a train or a saw-mill. These conjectures were easily dismissed. What was it—this low, penetrating sound? We didn't stop to investigate. We came on home.

Drifting

BY BROWN M'MILLAN.

Dying day and shadow dim
Faces in the glow,
Coals that chase some long lost face,
Ever to and fro,
Silent tread of shadow hosts,
Legions passing on,
Vain regret that hinges yet
When all have silent gone,

Muffled voice and silent sigh
Whispers from the sea,
Mystic gloom of sombre room,
Eyes too blind to see;
Wasted life and vanquished hope,
Boats whirled down the stream,
One who sought and fought and wrought
But wrought alone in dream,

Woman's laughter in the light
Given by the moon,
Diamond's gleam within the beam,
Sobbing sigh of loon,
Manhood broken on the wheel,
Honor cast away,
Faith denied, and broken Pride,
Vice and Sin's full sway,

Drifting clouds across a grave,
Cold and clammy sky,
Rose's bloom about the tomb,
Yet ne'er a tear nor sigh,
High above a wheeling wind
An epitaph doth cry;
"More joy unborn, than feel the thorn
Of faithless woman's lie."

Vive La Joie



Hail, fairest Terpsichore, goddess of dance and mirth!
Ave dea laetissima, praise from us on earth.
O sacred muse of revelry, thou of immortal fame,
Behold! with Bacchic dance and song we glorify thy name.

Come hither, then, O sportive youth, when fades the tell-tale day,
Tomorrow you may die—who knows?—make merry while you may.
Forget the worries of yesteryear, away with care and strife,
While the blood runs warm in the veins of youth, gather the rosebuds of life.

Unloose the chafing fetters, the chains of mirth unbind.
On with the dance, my merry men, let joy be unconfined.

BEAR with us but a moment. We would introduce you into the inner privacy of one or two of those more or less amusing scenes which go to make up the greater drama of college life. We present a picture of the time of dancing, of merry-making, of festivity—it matters not whether the season be Prelenten, Easter, or Commencement. If you would look on this fragment of a play, we bid you enter, cautioning you, however, to check your halo at the door for fear it may lose its symmetry before the dazzle and glare of the footlights.

The curtain rises. We see before us the conventional room of a college dormitory. The walls are lined with pennants, magazine covers, and framed pictures, some of doubtful propriety. These latter are so hung as to be easily removed in case of a sudden visit from mother or the university authorities. There are few, if any, rugs. The furniture of the room bears unmistakable signs of wilful and malicious mutilation. From this and from the empty bottles—better known as "dead soldiers"—which line the mantelpiece in evident display of feigned or imagined wickedness, we should say that this particular room is the abode of a Freshman. We are not mistaken. There enters a callow youth of doubtful age; one would venture to say that he has not seen more than seventeen summers. He is in his shirt sleeves, and appears agitated and excited over something. Upon closer examination we find him struggling in silent disgust, broken by occasional bursts of passion, with the collar of a dress shirt. It is the first time he has donned one

of these abominations of the pure and upright, as is evident from his inability to make the ends of the neck-piece meet. Finally, with almost more than Herculean effort, he brings the second end over the button, trusting to conceal the soiled portion with his tie. With a sigh of relief he sinks his meagre body into a chair. Suddenly his eyes fall on the alarm clock which has somehow found a place among the bottles on the mantel. Horrors! he is already fifteen minutes late, and the buxom lass whom he has invited up from his home town of "Wall Hollow" is already waiting for him—so he thinks. With a cry almost amounting to terror, he dashes toward the door of his bed-room and the curtain swings down.

When it rises again we see a bedroom in the house of one of the more well-to-do residents of the mountain, who are acting in the capacity of hostesses. Even while the curtain is rising we hear a chattering and a confused tittering which forewarns us of the presence of the weaker sex. We find three girls in more or less advanced stages of composition, all vainly striving to use one mirror. The result is a neutralizing of all efforts, and but little is accomplished. A plan suitable to all being finally determined upon, peace is again restored, and one by one they make use of Dame Vanity's arch-weapon. The finishing touches are administered with little puffs of powder and little dabs of paint, and with final sidelong glances at the mirror the three troop out with a flurry of excitement to meet the anxious beaux who await them in the parlor below. The stage is dark.

The last act shows a scene in old Forensic. The bleak, bare walls have been under the supervision of the committee on decoration with some little apparent effect. But this lack is soon forgotten in the world of excitement attendant upon the opening of the dance. There is something about the spirit in the atmosphere which lifts the thoughts higher than the walls which bound the old frame structure, something indefinable, like the will-o'-the-wisp, never to be grasped, yet none the less assuredly there. Thank the gods we can see beneath the rough and uncouth surface of the thing into the great, if less apparent, charm which lurks behind.

Enter the verdant freshman, attempting to conceal with an incessant and trained line of foolishness the fact that he is a stranger to his lately adopted clothes. By his side trips the demure little maid from his home town, almost dazzled by her brilliant social success in obtaining a bid to a University dance, and looking up into the eyes of her youthful escort with a glance that says of itself, "Ain't he grand." These are followed by the gallant sophomore with his fair lady love. His every step betrays the importance he is trying to assume, and the superiority he feels over the green and untried freshman. Without him to administer punishment to this latter unfortunate specimen of humanity he feels certain the University could not continue on its well-balanced course. Alas, alack, what fools these mortals be! Even the staid and sober junior, satiated with what the outside world pleases to know as "college life," even he has taken on an air of dignity. But we can see beneath the surface of this disguise, beneath the grease-paint as he enters the hall with his partner for the evening. The twinkle of the eye is

there as of old. We feel sure that if we invited him to step outside and have a sociable drink, he would not refuse, that is provided he had previously despatched his protege to the dressing room. And now there enters that grandest of all spectacles, the star, the hero of our playlet, the pompous, triumphant senior. One hardly dares speak to him, so superior does he seem in his self-adjudged importance. But the radiant beauty by his side is all smiles, conscious that she is the belle of the dance, that she and none other will lead the intricate and labyrinthive figures of the grand march.

But hark! the strains of music arise. There is a gentle murmur throughout the hall as the voices are momentarily subdued. Then, as by magic, all these various elements are transformed into a tableaux of astounding unity, a symphony of motion and of color. The dance goes on and joy is unconfined. First dispassionately, then madly and ever madder, they trip the light fantastic. Terpsichore reigns supreme. Memories of Venice and Vienna! Shade of Quasimodo *pape des fous!* Lords of Misrule! how they dance. Ever onward moves the surging, swaying mob, remembering nor time nor sleep. Outside, all unheeded, old Breslin tolls off one by one the wee, sma' hours of morning.

A thin, red streak low in the east begins to tinge the sky. The dawn breaks forth, and one by one the couples leave the dance, till all is silence where late were shouts of joy and revelry.

Come, friend, the play is over, we must leave. If you have liked the plot, the characters, why tell us so. If not, we pity you, who, before your time, have grown old. You need a bath in that fabled fount which Ponce de Leon sought. You like it? Good! Wait, here is your halo which you near forgot. Farewell, my friend.



DOC GUDGER EXPLAINING WHY THE WORLD
IS NOT ROUND

The Power That Soothes

The time is a night after Easter,
And the place in old Hoffman Hall;
With a continuous sound of boys moving round,
As they dressed and were dressed for the ball.

Yet a feeling of mean, slinking jealousy
Hovered round about our old room—
That miserable place where never a trace
Was seen or was heard of a broom.

My roommate and I had discussed it
With a coolness born of despair.
There wasn't a chance for us at that dance,
Was the verdict that shattered the air.

For we'd counted those who would be there—
No earthquake could keep them away—
We named Edgar Jones, Bull Byerley and "Bones"—
Stars on the dance-floor, Hurray!

Then a great light shone in our faces,
No more were we both on a grouch.
Quicker than thought my old pal had brought
Out the papers and Bull Durham pouch.

We envied no longer the dancers—
Those Brummels, those Chesterfields, neat;
But each rolled a "pill" with a mutual thrill,
Why not? With the world at our feet!



Off to Chapel

The chapel bell is ringing when you jump into your clothes
And dash a little water on your face,
And you're off across the campus in less time than you'd suppose,
For you'd hate to have 'em miss you in your place.

And it's not because your spirit craves communion all divine
That you chuck your nap and hurry off so fast,
And it's not because your conscientious scruples are so fine,
Or your mind's of any ultra-psychic cast.

But the proctor's eyes are watchful and the proctor's eyes are keen,
And a dozen chapel skips is mighty few;
So if you wish to hold the gentle graces of the Dean,
When you hear that bell you'd better take your cue.

BOOBS' DEPARTMENT

To all the Nutts in College this crude collection of freaky foolishness is affectionately dedicated

APOLOGIA

¶Don't get sore. You have to be popular to get bawled out.

¶When you knock, just remember that no one cares. It is expected.

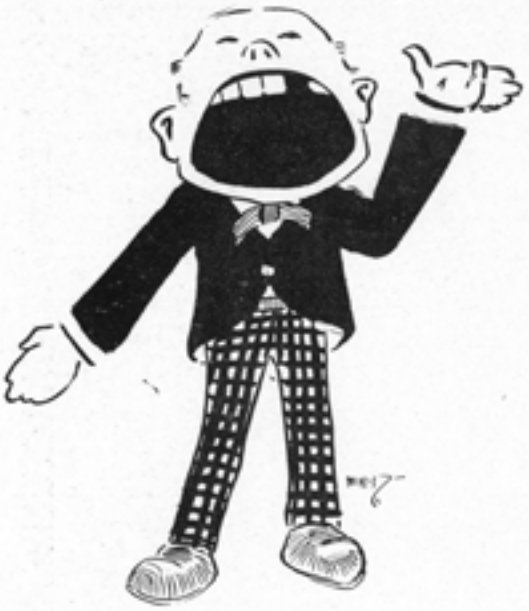
¶If you see something you don't like, keep your mouth shut. It will do you no good to say it.

¶Many of the jokes have no point to them. Some of the professors will enjoy these—notably, Mr. Townshend.

¶We wish to thank the following men for furnishing such abundant material for this department: Martin, Jones, Schumacher, Dr. Galt, Mr. Townshend, and the faculty.

Siegfred, connect the wires.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!



WE have brought before you at stupendous cost from unbelievable sources the most glittering galaxy of fantastically fascinating features ever shown before an audience. It is a marvelous category of the weirdest boobs and and most peculiar ginks ever assembled together on an emotion picture film.

The light, Siegfred.



See what we have here. It is the genus football captain. The little blond-haired quarterback. The dream of fair ladies. Even marble hearts flutter at the sight of his flaxen locks.

Siegfred, turn the crank.

Ah! the pink whiskered grouch. He is very fond of Scotch Whiskey and has been known to drink a full quart at one sitting. Expects to become a politician. Most expert at running down little white canines of the poodle family.

Operate the lever, Siegfred.



The Order of Service

for the Installation of Benjamin Ficklin Finney as Vice-Chancellor of The University of the South, in All Saints Chapel, Sewanee, Tenn. Sunday morning, June 10, 1923, at 10 o'clock



Processional Hymn, 491.

Morning Prayer.

Hymn 385.

Presentation of the Vice-Chancellor, Benjamin Ficklin Finney, by William B. Hall, M.A., M.D.

The Declaration: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

"I, Benjamin Ficklin Finney, chosen to be Vice-Chancellor of the University of the South, do hereby covenant to maintain and set forward, so far as in me lieth, the ideals and traditions of this Institution; I will observe its customs and obey its laws; to the end that throughout all generations it may remain faithful to Church and State, devoted to the development of Christian Manhood, the cause of Sound Learning, and the promotion of Loyal and Patriotic Citizenship."

Greetings from the Alumni, by David A. Shepherd, B.A., President of the Associated Alumni.

Greetings from the Faculties, by Samuel M. Barton, Ph.D.

Greetings from the Student-Body, by S. H. Schoolfield.

Sewanee Hymn.

Baccalaureate Sermon and Charge to the Vice-Chancellor, by Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor.

Offertory.

Prayer and Benediction.

Recessional Hymn, 418.



Too bad. No one knows. Is it human? Full of merry jests and quips. English to the core. Albania, refrain from inflicting us thus.

Siegfred, we demand that you push that button.



Nobody knows how much he loves you until you have something he wants. A product of the smoke of the city of Opportunity. His shape is a cross between an Omar ad. and a dry gin bottle.

As you love me, Siegfred, revolve the handle.



We think to lose this enterprising specimen of the genus. Vogue is after him for a designer. We don't know whether the students—for surely this is no student—will stand for this perpetrator of purposeless perjuries being placed among them. He is known regularly as Isaac, the Jew, and a nickel becomes mildewed in his clammy paw ere it is freed.

Push, Siegfred, push.



"We are lost," cried the captain, as he staggered down the stairs! This poor simp defiles the name of West Tennessee. Gripe, gripe, gripe—and so the world runs on for him. Let us turn to a more pleasant sight.

Siegfred, more juice.



Alack, alack, he knows not the meaning of the word *shirt*. A sweater! a sweater! my kingdom for a sweater! His tryout with Jersey City is always on his mind.

Siegfred, spin the spindle.



Behold the buxom housewives! For surely they are not men. Surely our dear doctors are wives or are learning to be. Industrious, sober, and tidy—neat little women.

Now or never, Siegfred.



Behold the promoters of the worst shows ever staged at Sewanee or elsewhere. These two boobs are worse than O'Henry's 'Gentle Grafter.' They take the innocent ginks' money with no return whatsoever. Shame upon them! Absolutely without parallel, precedent or principle. *J. Rufus* and *Blackie* in embryo.

Siegfred, action at once.



It takes all kinds of men to make the world. Rebecca, Rebecca, where is thy flag? The Wandering Jew of Clarksville. Vell! Vell!

Siegfred, focus the instrument.



For humanity's sake, pass on. The most unfortunate boob in the collection. He even putteth the crease in the wrong place.

Oh! Siegfred.



So! So! The human fish. The man without a movement. He poses as a bad man but is absolutely harmless. He indulges not in wine or women and he cannot sing.

Siegfred, crank the machine, we haven't a self-starter.



What, ho! Shylock! Hold to the thins and erbs! He has been known to pursue an iron washer when kale was as scarce as the proverbial lizard feathers. Beware! Beware!

Siegfred, for the love of money, twist that lever.

Alas! men, the budding genius. Beneath his Byronic locks he thinks there lurks a brain. Sad! Sad! Biting sarcasm drips from his pen even as the rain drippeth off the roof.

Siegfred, will this reel never end?

Stop, girls! New York Jake! A gift from Old Cornell. O, Old Cornell! Never did we suspect you of such a crime against the fair name of a sister institution as fostering off on us this jaded piece of Old Palestine.

Siegfred, I am surprised.



HASH HAMMERS

New Fables in Slang

By Little Otto Greenwood.
(With all necessary apologies to Mr. George Ade.)

The Story of the Plain-Appearing Boy and the Heights to Which He Soared



NCE there was a young Hopeful, born in the Rural Districts. He was destined to be a Headliner, especially as a Courtier to the Great Unknown—sometimes referred to as the Fair Sex.

No adjectives can describe our embryonic Napoleon with justice. He was both Lean and Lanky, with a face, to say the least, of an Ingrowing Type. Though admittedly not beautiful, his Parents were pleased with the thought that he would be immune from one kind of Derision handed out by Fast Friends at School. No one of the Companions in Exile would accuse him of being Effeminate. The Tormentor hadn't been born who would call his Arabella and Get Away With It. Not a chance.

Though not liable to develop enough brains to ever be known as Eccentric, or should he be Poor, to be sent to the Retreat fathered by the County, he "Got By" in Prep. School with no more eventful Happening than an Advent into Long Pants, this promising help to his appearance being offset by the Growth and Cultivation of a large Mole upon his Chin.

Having taken unto himself fourteen (14) of Mr. Carnegie's units, the Genius is ready for College, a place he has heard of that is run by Fraternities. After joining one, he decides it is the World instead of College that is controlled by these Knights of Mystery who are becoming qualified as knights of the Green Cloth. He had looked forward to this College Idea, and enters one with great *Eclat* and Abandon. Though ignorant of the fact, he is on the verge of the Abyss called Disillusionment. He learns first that a Chair can be set on and held down in College by one who may not have made a Corner on all the Intelligence extant. More than all this, he Makes a Fraternity. It may have happened that all the Black Balls were lost, but the Fact remains that he was Passed. He accepted sooner than Decency would permit; they didn't have a chance to Renig. Immediately, he looked with suspicion on all those non-members and called them Barbarians. Also he treated with Disdain Masons and members of other Inferior Orders. He was the guardian of a Grip and a few Secret Signs which he

remembered with great difficulty. Being Honest, and therefore Simple, his mates elected him Treasurer. It was his first Conquest, and he wanted to wire the news Home, but was afraid to. It was one of the Secrets.

He was told to learn to dance, to get a Girl for the Easter Frolic and break into Society. No Yeggman could have done the job better. He recalled a Fluffy Ruffles from a nearby town who had once met Him. She came at his request. There was another boy in College she was interested in. She didn't expect to fall for any Line of Talk like that of our Hero's, but he showed her. She was a faded Blonde and a veteran of many Engagements; also the possessor of a Gold Tooth. She was always smiling. There were many who owned a more expensive Make-up, but even at that she always managed to Pass Muster before the appraising stare of the Rail Birds. When the band began to play she was *Premier Danseuse* on the Floor. She could almost trip well enough for two, which was well.

Our Hero wasn't expected to be the Big Noise when it came to exploiting the art of Pavlowa. Everybody was willing to concede him a chance in a Virginia Reel or some ancient dance like the Two-Step, but he didn't look as though he would shine at the modern thing. He was the idol of every girl on the Floor!!! Raymond Hithhcock wouldn't have had a look-in. He had serious thoughts of moving to Utah and becoming a Mormon. His success at College was assured. Already he planned a Memory Book with his own Accomplishments enumerated on every page. He had carved a large Niche in the Rah Rah Hall of Fame. What was his Secret?

His Pap had been in the same Fraternity. Son now referred to him as "The Pater," and only corresponded when out of Funds. Besides numerous checks, Pap sent his Pin. It had evaded Weinstein and Small all these years. Those pins are becoming as scarce as good whisky. It was decidedly Old-style and resembles a cross between a Horse-shoe and the hind foot of a Rabbit done in Bronze. It was not a 1915 model, but it Brought Home the Bacon. It was the Key to Son's success. He wore it at that first dance and tied it to himself with a String. All the Girls tried to Steal it, but it was a strong String. That was His Secret.

Moral: Go to college. Join a Fraternity—anybody can.

Nature Poetry

I would I were a butterfly,
That I might flit, that I might fly,
That I might fly, that I might flit,
O would I were a fly or gnat!
But could I soften in the sun
I think I'd be a buttered bun.

Almanac

SEPTEMBER 15-30

Training Camp in session. Candidates revel in pool three times daily.

Windy Harrison arrives on scene. He "taken" a bath too.

Roddy tackles dummy once, then retires from scene of action forever.

Chaffee distributes dum dums.

Coach Cope says prospects are good.

Jones works newspaper graft and dines lustily.

A September shower drives the huskies to Hoffman. Supply Store Grocery Department bought out.

OCTOBER 1-30

Three old students return from vacation. Others arrive at leisure.

The V. C. lets in a football player.

The faculty cans him.

The frats begin their dirty work. The simple frosh thinks he is *it*.

Bull Byerley does consistent rushing.

John Russey is made Proctor, owing to valuable experience gained last year.

The Waco Wops breeze in. Dundee has big tales to tell.

Bugs Raymond is late in arriving. Much mourning among Biology students.

Cumberland gets her first introduction to football.

Numerous other teams follows her example.

NOVEMBER 1-30

Alabama is defeated 18 to 0.

What, Ho! Eli, where sits the queen?

Riner and Buchel become fast friends.

Sleeper neatly arranges his room.

Fort's cabaret flourishes.

Hoffman food grows worse and worse.

Chaffee again makes distribution.

Patten Hotel razed to ground.

Great excitement over coming Thanksgiving contest.

Much mass meeting. Cope gets right.

Vandy gets hers. Tolley a hero.

Big football banquet. Dobbins elected captain.

DECEMBER 1-22

Cap and Gown staff gets busy. Riner works hard.

Pictures must be taken before Christmas. Ha! Ha!

Football election. Jones elected by large majority.

Schumacher buys package of U-Kan-Eats.

William Watson Wallace Weatherley, the pretty boy, returns.

McGoodwin says that there are enough Boards and Platforms in this school to start a good-sized lumber yard.

Leftwich says something funny.

Exams begin. Ray Palmer passes a class.

Christmas Holidays.

JANUARY 4-31

All gladly assemble in Chapel once more.

Bleary eyed Stewards declare the rock not so bad after all.

The Supply Store Foundations creak.

Happy is the man who has an eight-o'clock.

Phynizy full of youthful vigor.

Last call for Cap and Gown pictures. Pay Judd.

Rest of students arrive holding Doctor's certificates.

Harris absent from mountain. Choir disbands until he returns.

Temple and Weatherley are given seats in Chapel.

Big fire on the Mountain. Hoffman mourns.

Forestry gang works from morn till night. Bishop Knight is gratified.

Inter-frat basketball begins.

Non-frats mop up.

Rumor states that Townshend has shaved. Bonfires and celebrations.

FEBRUARY 1-30

Proctors raid Palmetto. Dean has painful duty.

Quizzes cause large sale of alarm clocks at Supply Store.

Non-frats win Inter-frat Championship.

Forensic is cleaned up.

Pre-Lenten girls arrive. Also big shipment.

Cæsar breaks many hearts.

Girls leave.

Buchel contemplates suicide.

Martin still has shining face.

That awful Purple!

Rucker and Schlemmer give another freeze-out at Forensic.

Soda jerker quits crying about lack of excitement.

MARCH 1-15

Baseball candidates report for picture. Whole school turns out.

Gardner says that we will have a large squad.

Ode to Degenerate Fraternities

The fraternity called A. T. O.
Has sunk to a level quite low,
 Famous men wear its pin,
 But now it takes in
Such freaks as would grace a side show

A bid to join S. A. E.
A signal honor used to be;
 Now to most any rat
 They take off their hat
And politely say, "Please come with me."

The Kappa Sigmas do their best
To reach the level of the rest;
 In spite of all
 How short they fall!
Their efforts have become a jest.

When boneheads to Sewanee come
The Phi's begin to make things hum
 With bloodshot eyes
 They shoot their lies,
Calling to aid the Demon Rum.

And now ensues a lengthy pause
For we have reached the Delta Taus.
 An enormous majority
 Term them "Sorority;"
How, O how, did they leave their mas?

The Kappa Alpha rah-rah boys
Are simply great at making noise,
 With brains not deep,
 They're neat—but cheap,
Like painted Christmas toys.

Upon Visiting Palmetto



AVING returned to Sewanee after an absence of some several years of lusty luck, I was met from all angles with an odd and alluring appellation. "Palmetto" was continuously falling from all lips. "Palmetto" was all that I could hear. Sith in my day Palmetto bore little or no significance, and when spoken of was mentioned in low whispers accompanied by sour frowns, I was seized with an all-absorbing desire to ascertain verily the change which had been wrought in what I had commonly regarded as having all the aspects and performing all the offices of a stable. I determined to visit this place and learn.

I bethought me that 12:00 during the evening was a most propitious moment to perpetrate the visitation. Up and betimes I went one coolly good eve to behold that of which every mouth was proclaiming from the housetops.

Cautiously and easily did I trod in my gum shoes, for now since it has been done and I live, I say without shame that a certain spirit of awe did perplex me this eventful night for fear that some catastrophe might befall me. I entered, nevertheless, into a room immediately upon the left after entrance, and what to my amazement did I see but a congregation of gentlemen sitting about fully clad in the armaments of dress function. They discussed, also to my astonishment, the fourth dimension, until one knight, whom they did term "Lone Star," phlegmatically lounged in at the door. He took up the gauntlet of weighty discussion and began to discourse with the copious tongue of Demosthenese, Cicero, Patrick Henry, W. J. Bryan, etc. He waxed eloquent beyond my slender brain's capacity and displayed a wide and varied knowledge of the correct usage of good English. Once when this "Lone Star"—who was as immaculate in his dress as he was in his beautiful flow of flowery words—paused to breathe, one gentleman did seize opportunity by the forelock and did begin to expatiate on the gentle art of *en regle* deportment in the ball-room. This worthy knight answered to the name of "Blond Haired Eskimo," and I thought the name aptly fitting. One "Lefty Louie" spoke spasmodically of the National Game, while one golden-voiced "Jawn McC" did tell of what a decided failure he was as an athlete. His modesty was only outdone by his perfect physique and his rather sombre beauty. Over and above all this he did evince a very winning personality.

These discussions of deeply-delved knowledges and displays of much ceremonious politeness did continue till Breslin bespoke two p. x. While the chimes were yet singing a "Rat" of fair skin did stalk in to answer a summons to explain the whys and wherefores of his heart-breaking propensities.

Now the tide did change and they all did wax most obstreperous. A court was called and the judge from his high bench did ask the foreman of the jury to read his verdict, which displayed long preparation, albeit the trial had been going but two minutes. Not more than ninety lashes with the royal razor strap nor less than eighty was the light sentence. Healthy and avaricious henchmen did take their toll with mighty swings. The "Rat" of ivory complexion was duly mangled and impressively bruised as is the severity of the court.

After much complaining and bewailing of a quiet evening they did bid each other good night by draping furniture about one another's neck, which I illy thought became them sith they were in evening clothes.

All this happened far back in the misty past, but at times I find myself saying unconsciously, "Palmetto, Palmetto."

Banes of Our Existence

Lab.
Martin, Bethea, and Wilbur
Daily Chapel
University Hand-Book
Hoffman bull-sessions
Tabby's jokes
Schumacher's tightness
Fatherly advice of older frat. brothers
Hoffman grub
Uncle Dave's hot air
Supply Store bills
History I
Proctors
Lyceum performances
Poetic inspirations of Dr. Galt
Eight-o'clocks
Waco gang (whole *damn* bunch)
Hack bills
Jones' face
Triangles
Oleomargarine

THE DAILY YELP

Successor to The St. Luke's Tommyrot — Editors absolutely Irresponsible

Vol. 22 Book II — Issued Daily if the Weather Permits; Otherwise, Weakly — Issue XV

WAR ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER

Special from Buffalo, Wyo. —Mr. L. D. Smith and wife now reside here, and have been fighting—(Continued on page 2)

FOREIGN DISPATCHES

Japan (Special from the Tokio Awgwan), May 1.—Shinjiro Kitasawa, Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University, is coming back to our land of promise, cherry blossoms, and rising suns. He has spent six years in the U. S. A., the last one among the heathen at Sewanee. The Emperor and staff plans to be at the train to meet him.

Philippine Islands, May 1.—Senor Loreto Serapion, the Romeo of the Islands of the Sea, can abide no longer among us. The siren call of the girl he left behind him has crossed the ocean, and at the end of this year will draw him o'er the briny deep back again to his Filipino Dream Girl.

A SECRET SOCIETY REVEALED

The Royal Order of Chipmonks has been discovered as existing within our precincts. Out of justice to the reading public we here print the names of this vile organization which has endeavored to exist without our knowledge under our very noses: Hydrant, Basil, Ikey, Poor Pauline, and Tack.

MORTUARY COLUMN

We regret the demise of Chelidon, Punch and Judy, Sewanee traditions, and Vandy's hopes for 1915 victory.

Undertaker Keller (still walking about, but quite cadaverous) ex-Philadelphia, familiarly known as the Breezynine Best, is becoming obese in our Sewanee atmosphere. He hopes soon to become such a help to his mother.

Kindly mail all scandal to the Editor.

H. H H. CLUB MEETS WITH THEIR PRES.

The Herpicide Hairless Heroes recently took dinner with Dr. Benedict. The baldamers behaved beautifully. Osman reports three new additions to his tonsure. One of the pre-Lenten young ladies, upon seeing McConnell in the Supply Store, observed: "What a pity! And so young too!" Curry says nothing, but keeps on polishing his pate and praying for hair.

COSMETIC CORNER

It is rumored that Duckie Noe, erstwhile yclept Squirrel, has adopted riding to improve his figure. He has just reached that sensitive age that takes such pride in figure and form.

Monsieur McCallum, our expert cosmetician, the Beau Brummel of the Mountain, is planning still more startling facial preparations, and will soon astound the residents with new visions of beauty.

SEWANEE

EDITORIALS

(Every paper should have a policy. We wish to state that the Daily Yelp is not only up with the times but slightly ahead. We have two: One, accident; the other, life. So we squeeze the lemon with gusto, and let the juice fly where it may.)

OVERWORK

A plea for the emancipation of down-trodden students, prodded on by the merciless rigor of heartless professors. Deep-furrowed brows, hair prematurely gray, stunted growth, and a mind multitudinously befogged with infinite information, are startling evils outcropping in our university life. Going to college is just like sliding down the back cellar door, and the professors are the splinters. Lots of fun until you get stuck.

A STANDARD

A good term mark is a vital asset in that narrow margin of safety wherewith we pass our classes. Of course the time-honored expedient of cramming will ever hold first place as a means of convincing the professorial mind that we really deserve a mark of 70½ instead of 69 3-8, and nothing will ever take its place; but still a good term mark will help out mightily in those last, fierce, quelling days of examinations.

Obviously the first way to secure one is to study, but the vast majority of us have neither the time nor the mental equipment for this. A careful observation of a few seemingly unimportant details, however, works just as well as hard study.

In the first place, laugh heartily at all the jokes of your professors. Practice will soon make this easy. Then write all of your letters during lectures. Professors always approve of the man who takes copious notes. Also it helps out mightily with your correspondence. Moreover, wear your gown to all classes. This is a subtle compliment to your professor, just as evening clothes when dining out. Finally, always carry a text-book or two to class if you can find them. Anyone observing all of these rules will come through flying, even if his exam is pretty poor.

WAR ON THE WESTERRN FRONTIER

(Continued from page 1)—the extremely immoral conditions of their community.

SOCIETY NOTES

Mr. Willis Piedmont Guhhart, our man about town from "down home," has been fox-trotting considerably lately. The ladies have playfully dubbed him "The Kuddlin' Kid."

RECORD OF BIRTHS

One idea—in the brain of Goup Nelson, the Boy Reporter—may this notice perpetuate the epoch-making occasion.

POULTRY DEP'T

Gilly Wagner, the German salesman, plans to take two dozen eggs, one turkey, and a few chickens home with him this Commencement. Poultry is so much cheaper here than in Gotham.

PERSONALS

(A personal just simply can't help being personal, so kindly take no offense.)

The Poetry Club reorganized subrosa at the beginning of the year, in order to avoid the sonnets of Dr. Galt. His poetic instincts refused to be slighted, however, and he has now become a full-fledged wielder of the metric feet.

BRO. OTTMANN ILL

Brother Donald R. Ottmann is suffering acute pains, having induced a severe stigmatism of his mind's eye, resulting from arduous exertion brought on by following metaphorical chalk lines for the past three years.

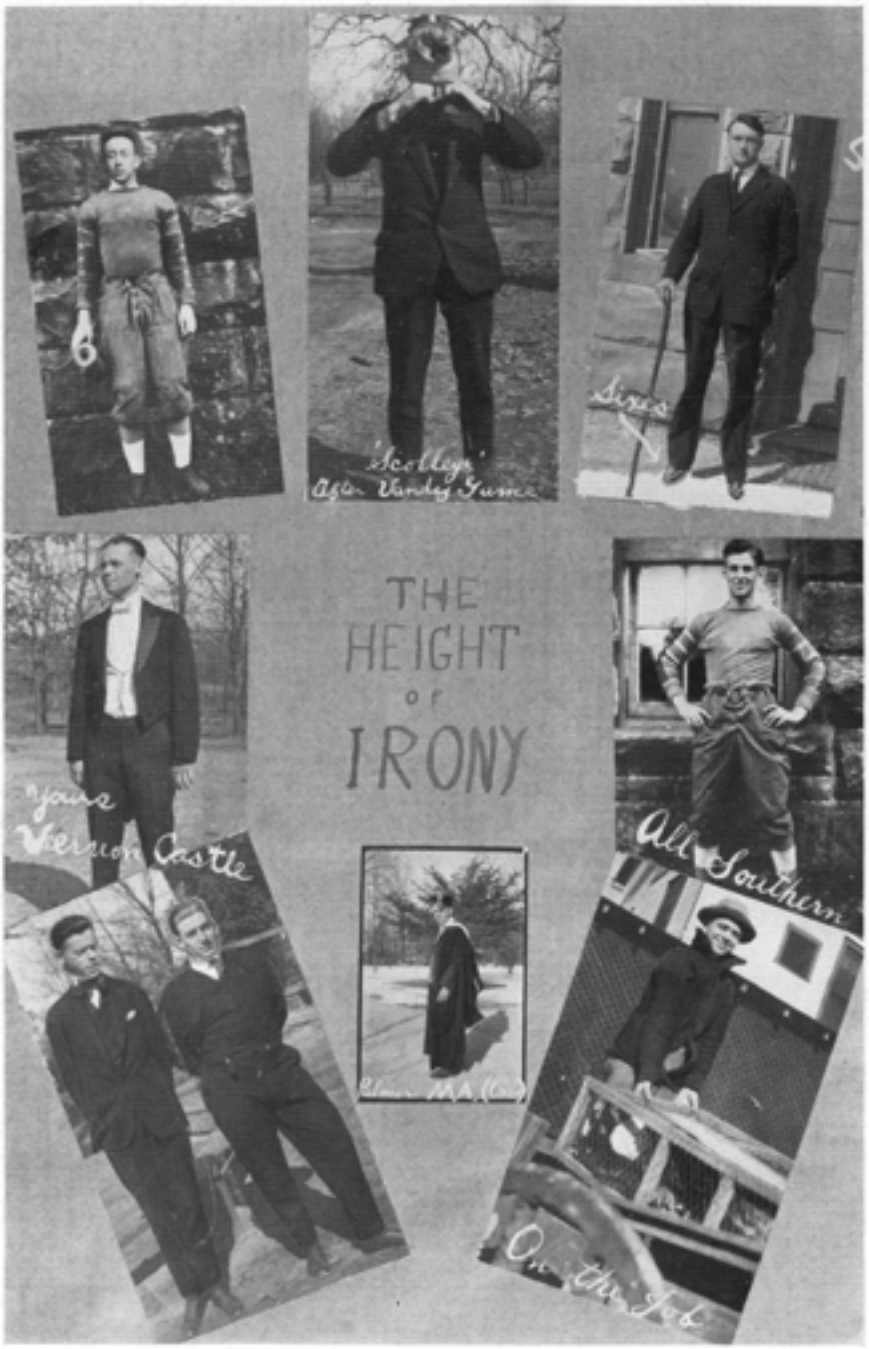
Just a touch of Race Orthodoxy: "Mister Major, he's jus' de fines' pahson. He chaperoons all our dances and gets Mister Barnes to come down and play all de new steps foh us. We've done heerd dat dere gwine to organate some black scouts, and have a sowin' sussiety foh girls. Ah tells yo, wese gettin' to be jes' lak de white folks." (Overheard on the chapel steps at the Nurses' Conference.)

1915

Latest and Best Books by the Best Authors

We recommend these books. They have all been Tried and Found True. Their Authors are Authorities

DR. J. M. MCBRYDE on "*How to Read Poetry with True Expression.*" My gestures are perfect. Facial expressions unexcelled. I hold my audience spellbound. Feminine parts marvelously interpreted.	"*An Unscientific Treatise on the Fourth Dimension,*" by DR. SAMUEL MARX BARTON. This book can be abthorbed with great readiness. Dr. Barton's treatment of this world-wide subject is something entirely new and startling. His sensational style never appeared to better advantage.	DR. WALTER HULLIBEN'S new Hand-Book entitled "*Boys Will Be Boys.*" This little book strongly advocates leniency in all things. It explains why all rules were made to be broken, and is highly recommended by all prep school authorities. It is a necessary but *painful duty* for all students to read this book.
"*Class Room Conduct,*" by DR. T. P. BAILEY. A pedagogical discipline. Tells how to lecture so as not to disturb students who desire to sleep. Everything brought within the limits of a triangle.	SIR ROGERS GALT on "*How to Control the Temper.*" The author severely criticizes the baby-like loss of temper which some people exemplify especially in class rooms. "This weakness," says Sir Roger, "is very common among men of highly poetic temperaments, and should be avoided."	"*The Gay Professor,*" by COLIN MACKALL. In this book is to be found the happy mean between the frivolous undergraduate and the ponderous man of Science. The author is remarkable for his fluency of language and breadth of vocabulary.
"*The Wandering Mind,*" by W. B. NAUTS. A de luxe, delightful set of fifty large volumes. This is a wonderful autobiography. The author shifts subjects and scenes with amazing rapidity. A book purely for pleasure.	"*Life in Gay Paris,*" or "*My Conquest of French Femininity,*" by SIR JOHN of NOTTINGHAM. This little volume has been expurgated by De Maupassant, and is highly recommended for the innocent and inoffensive youth.	"*The Dignity of Repose,*" by DR. S. L. WARE. A helpful book for the nervous man. A spirit of calm tranquility pervades the whole of this book, and we cannot but realize that the author is a personality whose wonderful storehouse of energy is always under perfect control.
"*Cleanliness Is Next to Godliness,*" written by a devotee of the bath tub, MR. R. I. RAYMOND. Although a specific subject, it is treated of in a broad-minded way. Special argument is given against "*Cesspools of Iniquity.*"	"*Sweet Poems of Love,*" written by romantic GEORGE TOWNSHEND, one of our foremost Irish poets. These dove-like cooings become much more interesting when the reader realizes that the author has whiskers.	"*Helpful Hints to the Housewife,*" by DRS. DUNCAN and STEVENS. All the little difficulties and trials of home life systematically dealt with. The book contains also a number of valuable recipes which will be of interest to their many lady friends.


THE
HEIGHT
OF
IRONY
Yours
Vernon Castle
All Southern
On the Job

A Chronicle



ND it came to pass in the days of Albion, the Chancellor, that certain of the frosh were met together upon a Saturday night to relate one unto the other what shining lights they had become in the land of Sewanee, even after the manner of a mutual back-scratching society.

Then up spake one, Martin, he whom men know as a varmint and an abomination in the sight of all those who know him:

"I have found the feminine heart easy to captivate and many are the trophies hung upon the belt which encircles my waspish waist. With my love-laden glances do I ensnare them while seniors and sophomores gaze on in worshipful awe and admiration."

Then up rose another youth, even Bethune of the House of Tullis, and as he rose he dabbed his nose with a dainty powder puff which he bore concealed in that sleeve which harbored not his handkerchief. But long and loud were the acclamations when it was perceived that the apparel which he wore was masculine; yea, even so long and loud that he was obliged to seat himself without the utterance of a syllable.

Then spake out Deloraine, hailing from the wild fastnesses of Waco: "Ye are all but milksops and cradle-snatchers, while I have consumed quarts; yea, many quarts at a sitting; nor has the woman yet been born who can withstand my dulcet tones. Even upon the diamond is my skill unsurpassed and none there is like unto me in the land of the living."

As he spake thus he was seized by the scruff of the neck even by the mighty Talley and thrice kicked from behind in the nature of a rebuke, whereupon he remonstrated, lustily crying out, "I quit! I quit!" and gave over his place in the center of the chamber.

After the uproar had subsided rose McCormick, bellowing forth tales of athletic prowess and of the mightiness of his strength, even like unto the strength of Samson. Which hideous noise did attract a roving band of sophomores, who forthwith pounced upon this vainglorious assemblage, scattering them as sheep before wolves, and did mete out unto them that punishment which in these days (even as in these) was well known in college circles.

Ne'er "Loosen Up"

To kiss and tell is quite unwise,
'Tis odious to advertise
The symphonies of soulful sighs,
The little battles of the eyes,
The artful and impromptu lies,
With which one doth amuse oneself.

April Fool

Cæsar's drinking whiskey straight,
April Fool!
Temple has quit sleeping late,
April Fool!
Drinks S'ply Store three cents each,
"Lizzie" Bearden's learned to teach,
Every Easter girl's a peach,
April Fool!

Russey has foresworn booze,
April Fool!
Nelson licks nobody's shoes,
April Fool!
Schneider is a ladies' man,
Beer's a stranger now to Dan,
Nor does McGoodwin rush the can,
April Fool!

Dutch Schumacher has lost his grin,
April Fool!
Hefty Scott is getting thin,
April Fool!
Schlemmer's turning loose his money,
Byerley's jokes are always funny,
Hoffman zip has turned to honey,
April Fool!

Beauty contest won by Ross,
April Fool!
In chapel Chaffee bears the cross,
April Fool!
Styron's voice is deep and gruff,
Weatherley's started dipping snuff,
Nobody thinks this is enough,
April Fool!

Helpful Advice from Hoffman

Use my method of study and you can get up the hardest assignment in a few moments. I teach quickness of wit.—WILLIAM BYERLEY.

I will teach you to talk so that even the uneducated *hoi polloi* can understand you.—MAYFIELD.

How to get rich. Safe and sure. No trouble.—J. FORT.

"How to Play Politics," or "Election Assured," a highly entertaining novel of this great modern problem, by EDGAR JONES.

The tailors' model. Do you know how to dress well? Old man Arrow Collar has nothing on me. You can do as well.—ORR.

"How to Make the Eagle Scream," a delightful new book by one SCHUMACHER.

Pass courses without boning.—MORRIS BROS.

Become a man of the world. My method is easy.—WOODALL.

Wear the styles I affect. Reveal the human form divine in clinging clothes that reveal every line.—STYRON.


JUST
FREAKS



"Weed me, kid," piped a sallow-faced gink as he eased out of the gastronomic gym on the front steps of Hoffman. "Dost possess the Bull?" "Yea." "Well come across, guy." Hey boob, hast a blanket?" "Match me, I've got the habit but no makin's."



DID you ever run a raffle? No! Of all the games to catch the boobs the raffle has them all backed off the boards. "Take a chance. Pull high-low. Aw, be a sport, loosen up your heart, come on be a blood. Remember Steve Brodie, he took a chance." They fall for it like the somewhat hackneyed duck on a June-bug. The freshmen are famous for their ductility. John Russey makes a fortune each fall in this way. The idea of a proctor taking in the innocent youth! But it has to be done, men, and perhaps the raffle is as painless a way of separating the guileless greenhorn from the hard earned shekels as any known.



"WHAT WOULD WE DO WITHOUT THEM"



TWO GAY BIRDS

Queer Quartrains About Queer People

Duncan is a new professor, come to teach us Greek;
Old Bailey is the Psycho-prof, on circles quite a freak;
Whiskered Ware on hist'ry raves—he really is some shark;
Now Tabby Nauts the Freshman dread—he keeps them in the dark.

Ware No. 2, John Nottingham, learned French in Gay Paree;
In Deutsch Herr Baker wrote ein Buch, and it's a sight to see;
Townshend teaches English, although he's Irish born;
Hodgson Nature slighted—of hair he's nigh forlorn.

Thomas Tidball, also Pan, are fond of cracking jokes;
Hullihen is our model Dean, he never drinks nor smokes;
Everyone knows Dr. Galt, and of his wondrous feat;
McBryde he said in class one day, "A birdie goes 'Tweet, Tweet!'"

Raymond is a heartless wretch, he tears up little bugs;
Every Graduation Day, Squirrl Noll his baton lugs;
Dr. Thomas, B. Litt. Williams, Big Ben Dean, and H. DuBose;
Sad theologish sleeping draughts, to make their students doze.

A Lyne in lines should be adept, so he's our engineer;
Mackall mixes chemicals to make all students fear;
Egad we almost left one out, Thammy and hith queer cothines;
Now with Stevens and his Ph.D. we close these piffling lines.

These Will Do to Read

MR. TOWNSHEND: Give me an example of a long sentence, especially suited for my English essays.

ELI: Imprisonment for life.

* * *

CHARLIE NELSON says that kisses are just like olives in a bottle—after the first the rest are easy to get. (Tell us, dear Charles, how do you know?)

* * *

MIDDLETON: Don't yell like that. You'll strain your voice.

CLARKE: Well, the more I strain my voice the finer it gets.

* * *

GILLIE ORR comes from Columbia, where this tale originated. Two negroes were shooting craps. LUCK having deserted one, he resorted to an unmistakable attempt to set the dice, whereupon the other yelled out, "FORD 'em dices, nigger; FORD 'em dices." Rastus, puzzled, interrogated, "What fo' yo' mean 'FORD 'em dices?'" Sam elucidates, "Shake, rattle, and roll!"

* * *

CONSTANCY.

She gave me the key of her heart, the dear—
But today she made me knock;
For 'twas yesterday that she gave me the key,
And last night she changed the lock!

Is a theolog a prophet?

No, he is a loss.

* * *

* * *

Is Buck Pyle really scared when he dances or is it only his natural expression?

* * *

"Mayfield ought to make the track team without a doubt. He's certainly a fast man."

"That's just the reason he won't make it."

* * *

WEATHERLY (in Lab.): Somebody's gas is leaking.

WOODALL: Shut your mouth.

Buy the Weigh

NEWS ITEM.

Certain of the Freshmen, having been moved by the pathetic look upon Norman's brow, which is proverbially subject to intermittent flushes of mounting crimson, formed an organization, calling it the S. P. C. S., which being interpreted reads, Society for the Prevention of Cruelties to Schlemmer. With such a benevolent purpose in view, this society met with a brief but flourishing existence. For, upon being made aware of the particulars of its organization, representatives of the Cowan branch of that world-wide association, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelties to Animals, made overtures for amalgamation. These were accepted, and the S. P. C. S., without changing its laudable aim, is now a chapter of its great kindred organization, the S. P. C. A.

EDITORIAL NOTE!

Notice the pictures and verses in this Annual. Gerhart is an æsthetic artist. Riner can draw like a poultice. As for the poets, they are gripped in the vice of verse. Each muse is a museum. They cackle their lays.

THIS IS THE LIMIT.

Hearing long-drawn sobs of bitter anguish in the adjoining room, Joe Scott, seizing his safety razor, madly rushed to the rescue, only to find the prostrate form of Schumacher writhing upon the floor in the throes of desolation. Joe's gentle *coups des pieds* failed to elicit any further response than the scarcely audible murmurings, "We passed the Supply Store. I quickened my pace but she cried for a drink—" Marley gasped. "And then?" "There was no other way—we entered! Pleading illness, I ordered water. But she—" Here a fresh paroxysm seized the wailing one. "She—she ordered—a CHOCOLATE MILK!" Joe turned on his heel, but even as he fled those faint whimperings followed him over the threshold, "A chocolate milk—a chocolate milk."



SIGNS OF SPRING


THE END

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HIS CHARACTER, THROUGH THE CONSTANT INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY EXPOUNDED AND EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LIFE OF THE UNIVERSITY COMMUNITY.

THE MAKING OF THE CITIZEN

IN THEORY, THROUGH THE INFLUENCE OF THAT IDEAL OF PATRIOTISM WHICH WE CALL THE *Sewanee Spirit*.

IN PRACTICE, THROUGH DYNAMIC LIVING AS A CITIZEN IN A COMMUNITY OF WHICH THE STUDENT BODY CONSTITUTES THE CITIZENSHIP.

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A MAN SHOULD THINK INDEPENDENTLY, PLAN INDEPENDENTLY, AND ACT INDEPENDENTLY.

Sewanee Military Academy

I. The Patron's View

....., Tenn., March 17, 1915.

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II. The School Expert's View

"Your Sewanee Military Academy was one of the *few* schools which the Commission on Accredited Schools for the "Association of Southern Colleges and Preparatory Schools" put on its list. This permits your graduate to enter every University in the nation, except six, without examination."

III. View of the Soldier

"The Secretary of War directs that you be informed that the classification of the Sewanee Military Academy will be changed from Class 'C' to Class 'A' pursuant to the approved recommendation of the *College Inspection Board*."

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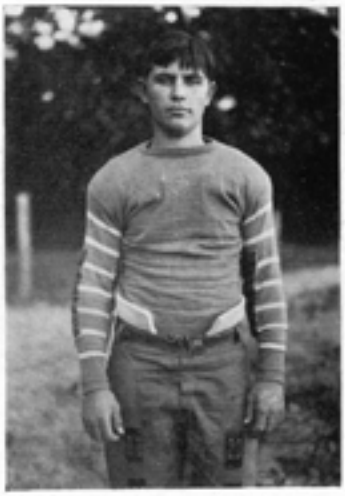
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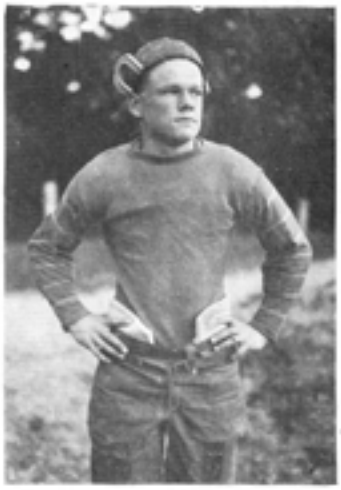
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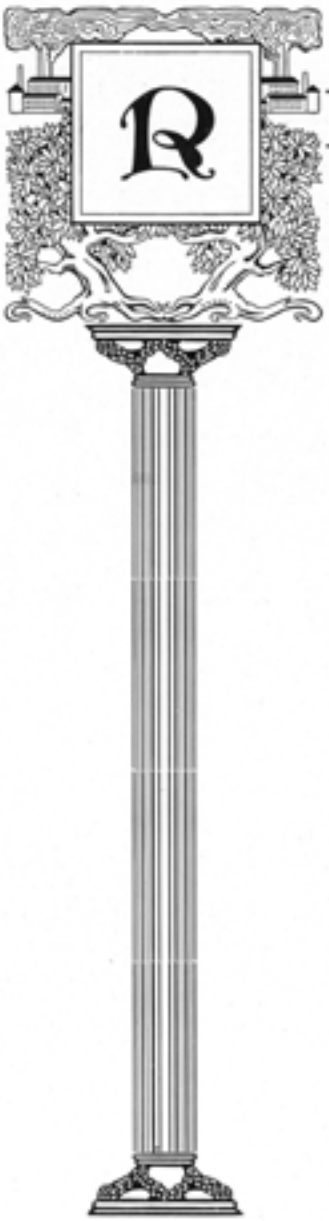
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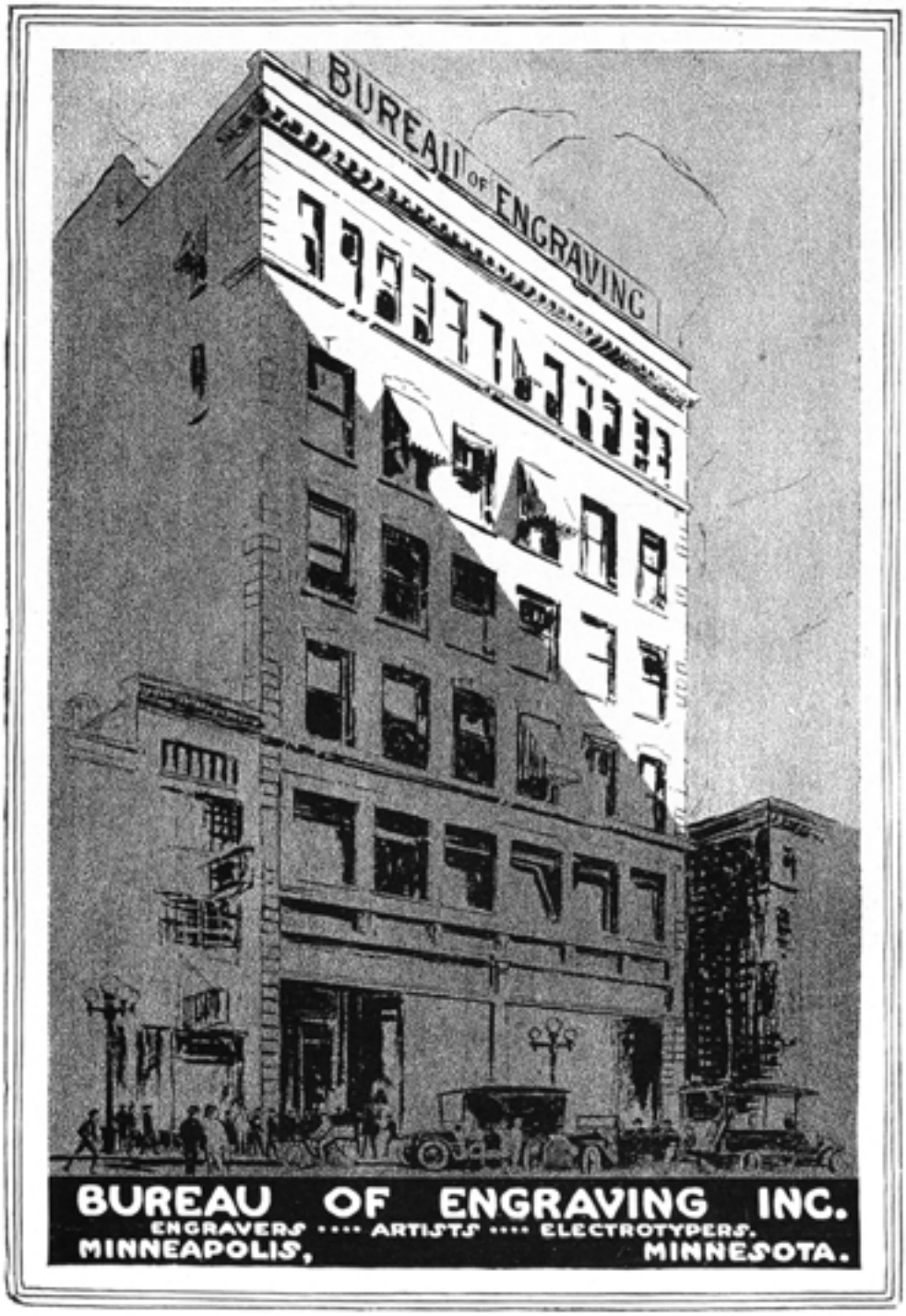
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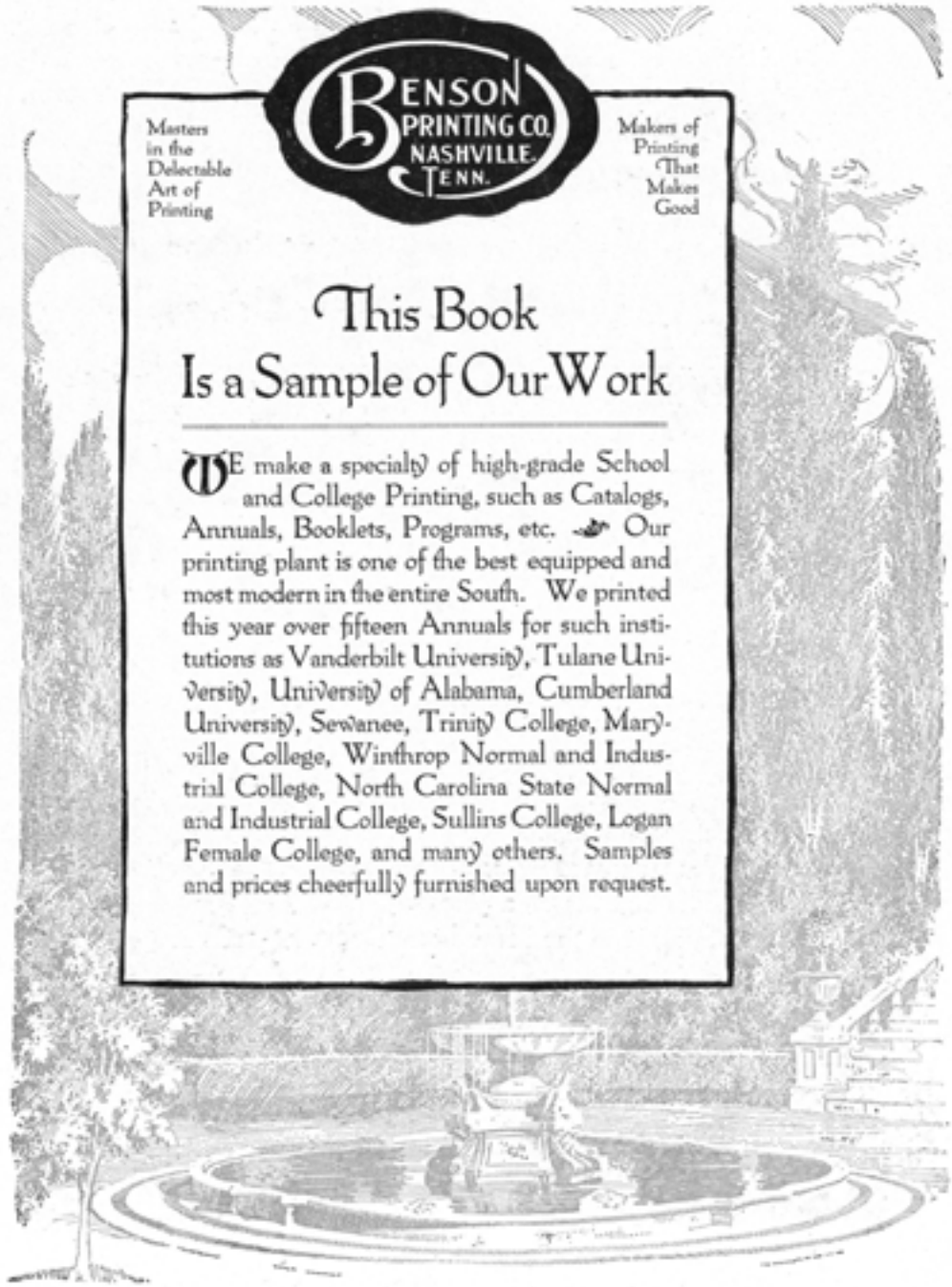
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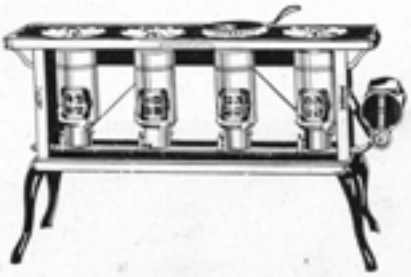
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THE management of the 1915 Cap and Gown take this opportunity for thanking those who have helped in making the book what it is. Space will not permit the mentioning of each individual of the many who have willingly given much of their spare time to the work. The artists and contributors have lent their best efforts toward making the book a success. There and the many others who have done their part the management wishes to thank.

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